

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY+LORE+AND+LEGEND

VOL. III.—No. 33.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

PRICE 6D.

Sir John Fenwick, Jacobite.

By the late James Clephan.

MR. JOHN FENWICK, of Newcastle, contributing, in 1845, a paper to the "Table Book" of Mr. Richardson, on "The Gathering Ode of the Fenwyke of Northumberland," described the Fenwick family as of Saxon origin, the name being taken "from their ancient fastness in the fenny lands in the vicinity of Stamfordham." There they had their tower of strength in the time of Henry III., and till England passed under the sway of Henry IV., when Sir John de Fenwyke acquired Wallington by marriage with Mary, daughter of William del Strother (a name associated with the mayoralty of Newcastle in the days of Edward the Third). The older seat of the Fenwicks was then suffered to fall into decay; the stronghold became a farm-house; the tower—Fenwick Tower—was pulled down in 1775, when a stone chest was unearthed containing some hundreds of gold nobles of Edward III., supposed to have been hidden away when King David made a raid into England in 1360, and two sons of the Sir John of that period were carried off by the Scots. Wallington Hall, which the family acquired in the century after the invasion, was in the reign of Henry VIII. "made a note of" by Leland as "the chiefest house of the Fenwicks." There they dwelt in high esteem and influence.

"The illustrious house of Percy always ranked the Fenwyke among the most constant of its retainers"; and Mr. Richardson, of North Shields, publishing in 1816 the Gathering Ode which we now reprint, "supposes an inroad of the Scots to have taken place in the absence of the Percy in Palestine, and that this ode, in the manner of the Highland pibroch, was used for the gathering of

the Fenwyke to repel them." In those old days, the "alarm wisp," glowing on the outstretched spear, flew over Northumberland as a call to arms.

Pipe of Northumbria, sound!
War pipe of Alnwick;
Wake the wild hills around,
Summon the Fenwyke.
Percy at Paynim war,
Fenwicke stands foremost:
Scots in array from far,
Swell wide their war host.
See fierce from the Border,
Wolf-like, he rushes:
Drives southward the Warder,
Gore-stream forth gushes.
Come Spearman, come Bowman,
Come bold-hearted Trewicke;
Repel the proud foeman,
Join lion-like Bewicke.
From Fenwicke and Denwicke,
Harlow and Hallington:
Sound bugle at Alnwick,
Bagpipe at Wallington,
On Elf Hills th' Alarm Wisp
Smoulders in pale ray;
Maids, babes that can scare lisp,
Point trembling the bale-way.
Leave the plough, leave the mow,
Leave loom and smithie;
Come with your trusty yew,
Strong arm and pithy.
Leave the herd on the hill,
Lowling and flying;
Leave the vill, cot, and mill,
The dead and the dying.
Come, clad in your steel jack,
Your war gear in order;
And down hew, or drive back,
The Scot o'er the Border.
And yield you to no man;
Stand firm in the vanguard;
Brave death in each foeman,
Or die on the green-sward.

John de Fenwyke occurs as High Sheriff of Northumberland in the reigns of Edward II. and III. Robert de Fenwyke succeeds under the latter king; and in the time of Richard II. comes as Sheriff John de Fenwyke de Fenwyke Tower. In later days, the Fenwicks held the same office—through the times of the Tudors to those of the Stuarts. In the reign of James I., Sir John Fenwick, Knight, was elected one of the members for Northumberland, and five times afterwards he was returned; till in the Long Parliament when Crown and Commons had come to blows, he was expelled for absenting himself and giving his services to the King. He was subsequently taken prisoner, with others, between Banbury and Northampton, by the Parliamentary forces; and at Marston Moor his son John, fighting for the Royal cause, was slain. In 1646, he was restored to his seat for the county by a vote of the House (126 to 73).

On the expulsion of Sir John, William Fenwick was elected a county member. In two of the Parliaments of Oliver Cromwell, Northumberland had three members; and both William Fenwick, of Wallington, and Robert Fenwick, of Bedlington, were of the number. The former, afterwards Sir William Fenwick, Baronet, was also elected under Richard Cromwell. His son John, sent to the Convention (or Healing) Parliament of 1660, which voted the Restoration, retained his seat throughout the reign of Charles II., and into that of his brother James. His last election followed the accession of the latter monarch, when all over the country the Tories had pretty well their own way. The attempt to exclude James from the throne had failed; and now his supporters were in great elation, and rode on the crest of the wave. The contests for the new Parliament mainly ended in their favour, and were marked by singular fervour and excitement. Demonstrations of loyalty ran high in town and country. "In Northumberland," says Macaulay, "the triumph of Sir John Fenwick, a courtier whose name afterwards obtained a melancholy celebrity, was attended by circumstances which excited interest in London, and which were therefore not unworthy of being mentioned in the despatches of Foreign Ministers. Newcastle was lighted up with great piles of coal. The steeples sent forth a joyous peal. A copy of the Exclusion Bill, and a black box resembling that which, according to the popular fable, contained the contract between Charles II. and Lucy Walters, were publicly committed to the flames, with loud acclamations." (Despatch of the Dutch Ambassador, April 10-20, 1685.)

Keen as was the interest taken by our forefathers on the Tyne in the "black box," how many of their descendants know anything about it now, or of the King's mistress, Lucy Walters? Lucy was mother of the youth who became Duke of Monmouth and Duke of Buccleuch, and seemed at one time in a fair way, not to the scaffold on which he perished, but to the throne on which his hopes were fixed. It was reported, and widely believed,

that Charles had secretly married his favourite, and that the contract was lodged in the sable casket whose representative was publicly burnt in Newcastle by the supporters of James, to mark their indignation at the fiction which assailed his title to the crown.

"It was afterwards remarked as a curious circumstance, that among the zealous Tories who went up with the Bill" against Monmouth "from the House of Commons to the bar of the Lords, was Sir John Fenwick, member for Northumberland. This gentleman, a few years later, had occasion to reconsider the whole subject; and then came to the conclusion that Acts of Attainder are altogether unjustifiable." (Macaulay.) All parties had resorted to them in turn, with more or less of excuse for the unconstitutional device. The age was disturbed and troublous. The Prince of Orange was brought to the English throne by means which, if not crowned by success, would have recoiled on heads that took part in them; and the Jacobites, passing into the shadows of the new reign, risked their safety in plots and conspiracies.

Sir John Fenwick, who had married the Lady Mary Howard, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Carlisle, was zealous in his attachment to the interests of James, then an exile at the Court of Louis XIV. of France. Early in William's reign he was conspicuous in opposition. That laborious chronicler, Narcissus Luttrell, whose "Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs" extends from 1678 to 1714, makes an entry in March, 1689:—"Letters from the North of England say that some disturbances are likely to break out there: that the Lord Preston, Lord Griffin, Sir John Fenwick, Colonel Oglethorpe, are there, fomenting the same on behalf of the late King James." In April, "causing some disturbances," Sir John was apprehended, and removed to London; and in May was sent to the Tower. In October, he was brought, with others, before the Court of King's Bench by *habeas corpus* and admitted to bail; and on the last day of term, in November, he was discharged.

Not long after, he was in trouble again. The Jacobites had been warmed into new life by a disaster to the arms of William. Mons, one of the most important of his fortresses in the Netherlands, fell into the hands of France. The King of England had suffered a reverse, and the drooping spirits of the Jacobites revived in this gleam of sunshine. "The joy of the whole party," says Macaulay, "was boundless. Nonjuring priests ran backwards and forwards between Sam's Coffee House and Westminster Hall, spreading the praises of Louis. In the Park the malcontents were in the habit of mustering daily; and one avenue was called the Jacobite Walk. They now came to this rendezvous in crowds, wore their biggest looks, and talked sedition in their loudest tones. The most conspicuous among these swaggerers was Sir John Fenwick, who had, in the late reign, been high in Royal favour and in military com-

mand. In his exultation he forgot the courtesy which man owes to woman. He had more than once made himself conspicuous by his incivility to the Queen. He now ostentatiously put himself in her way when she took her airing, and, while all around him uncovered and bowed to her, gave her a rude stare and cocked his hat in her face. The affront was not only brutal, but cowardly. For the law had provided no punishment for mere impertinence, however gross; and the King was the only gentleman and soldier in the kingdom who could not protect his wife from contumely with his sword. All that the Queen could do was to order the park-keeper not to admit Sir John again within the gates. But long after her death, a day came when he had reason to wish he had restrained his insolence. He found, by terrible proof, that of all the Jacobites, the most desperate assassins not excepted, he was the only one for whom William felt an intense personal aversion."

Dangers thickened round about Sir John Fenwick. Luttrell takes note, in the month of May, 1692, of a proclamation for discovering, seizing, and apprehending him, and also Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe and others, for high treason. He had fled and disappeared, and there was hot pursuit, which came close on his heels. On the night of the 13th, "a messenger, with a file of musqueteers, went to his lodgings to search for him; and he got away, leaving his breeches, with some guineas in them, behind him." (Luttrell's "Brief Relation of State Affairs.") He had escaped for a season, but was soon caught; and being examined, was admitted to bail. Two or three years go by; and in June, 1695, we have him seized as being "concerned in the late Jacobite riot in Drury Lane." In July, there was a trial at the Old Bailey, when some prisoners were convicted, some acquitted. Sir John was of the latter number.

The daughter of King James, Queen Mary, had died near the end of 1694. William was left alone, and the Jacobites had more lively hopes of a restoration. A slighter barrier, as it now seemed, stood between their party and its fortunes. Macaulay depicts some of the leading conspirators who were stimulated into greater activity by their prospects of success:—Robert Charnock, George Porter, Cordell Goodman, &c., whose "design was imparted to Sir John Fenwick." "He, if his own assertion is to be trusted, was willing to join in an insurrection, but recoiled from the thought of assassination, and showed so much of what was in his mind as sufficed to make him an object of suspicion to his less scrupulous associates. He kept their secret, however, as strictly as if he had wished them success." (Macaulay.)

Luttrell refers, in March, 1696, to the trial of Sir John Friend at the Old Bailey, when Montgomery and Fenwick, with the Earl of Ailesbury and others, were named in the evidence of Porter and Blair, as being at several meetings where it was agreed to levy forces for

King James in England. Next day a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of the implicated parties, Lord Montgomery and Sir John Fenwick, for high treason in conspiring against the life of the King.

There were rewards offered for all who were "wanted"; and of the hunted Jacobites none were in greater peril than Sir John. "His birth, his connections, the high situations which he had filled, the indefatigable activity with which he had, during several years, laboured to subvert the Government, and the personal insolence with which he had treated the deceased Queen" (we are quoting Macaulay), "marked him out as a man fit to be made an example. He succeeded, however, in concealing himself from the officers of justice till the first heat of pursuit was over. In his hiding-place he thought of an ingenious device which might, as he conceived, save him from the fate of his friends Charnock and Parkyns. Two witnesses were necessary to convict him. It appeared, from what had passed at the trials of his accomplices, that there were only two witnesses who could prove his guilt, Porter and Goodman. His life was safe if either of these men could be persuaded to abscond."

Lord Ailesbury, one of the conspirators, was in the Tower. His friends, and Sir John's, raised money to purchase the absence of evidence, and began with Porter. Chancy, a periwig-maker, and Donelagh, a disbanded captain, were set upon him. Three hundred guineas down, three hundred afterwards, an annuity of three hundred, and King James's pardon; these were the golden lures held out to him for making his exit to France; and he seemed to be overcome. But, carrying his news to another market, he went off to Whitehall with the tale, and received instructions how to proceed. The day came when the proposed compact was to be carried out. The parties to the bargain met at an alehouse in Drury Lane, where the three hundred guineas were paid down, and bills shown for the three hundred more. Porter then gave the signal, and a State messenger entered from an adjoining room, where he had heard all that passed. The bills were seized; the tempters were taken into custody; and ere long the poor barber was in the pillory.

Next City Sessions a bill of indictment was preferred against Fenwick; Porter and Goodman supported it; and it was returned as true. Fenwick's arrest was imminent; his conviction certain if he were found; and he made his way in haste to the coast for the Continent. At Romney Marsh he was to lie in wait for a convenient vessel. Two smugglers had at this time been seized on a charge of harbouring traitors, and were to be conveyed to London. "Mr. Kitson, the messenger, who was sent down to Romney Marsh to bring up the prisoners" (so writes Luttrell in June, 1696), "met in his return near Rochester Sir John Fenwick (mentioned in the proclamation) and another gentleman, well

mounted and armed. Sir John, knowing the messenger, threatened to kill him if he stopt him; so he made his escape." Sir John knew the messenger, as well as the messenger knew him. Familiar was the face of the baronet to his countrymen; few more so; and, pistol in hand, he dashed forward, and was free. The messenger, on spying his prize, had promised the smugglers pardon and pay if they stood by him; and they did so. But Fenwick was too well-mounted to be stayed; and he was safe—for a season. The hue and cry was raised; church-bells were set a-ringing; the country was up; the fugitive, beset on every side, was found. His pursuers "took him at New Romney in bed with Mr. Webber, the Jacobite solicitor, who was the next day to have embarked." (Luttrell.) The ship came to the shore, and showed English colours; but practised eyes detected under the national flag a French privateer; and when she had lingered a while, and saw her errand to be hopeless, she sheered off to sea.

Sir John so far eluded the vigilance of his captors "as to scrawl with a lead pencil a short letter to his wife. Every line contained evidence of his guilt. All, he wrote, was lost. He was a dead man; unless, indeed, his friends could, by dint of solicitation, obtain a pardon for him. Perhaps the united entreaties of all the Howards might succeed. He would go abroad. He would solemnly promise never again to set foot on English ground, and never to draw sword against the Government. Or would it be possible to bribe a jurymen or two to starve out the rest? 'That,' he wrote, 'or nothing, can save me.'" (Macaulay.) His note was intercepted by the way. Sir John himself was borne to London, and brought before the Lord Justice. His courage was high, his tone defiant. The letter was laid before him—the letter which he had expected was in the hands of his wife; and his bearing changed. To the Lord Steward (the Duke of Devonshire), with whom he had been on friendly relations, he addressed himself, offering to disclose all he knew about the Jacobites, and throwing himself on the King's mercy. The duke advised the postponement of the trial until the pleasure of the King, who was in the Netherlands, should be known. His Majesty was consulted accordingly, and directed that the prisoner's confession should be received in writing, and sent over to him abroad.

Fenwick was now to confess, and what was he to say? He was unwilling to die, but still more unwilling to do harm to his party. What he did, in this critical dilemma, was clever, but far from wise. He wrote a paper that might injure his political opponents, but be innocent as to his friends. Damage might accrue to the men in power. He might sow distrust in the mind of William. But William was too astute a statesman to be moved by the device. He saw through it all.

By the advice of his counsellors, the King gave

Fenwick reluctant audience; and they met at Kensington, where William called his attention to the fact that instead of giving an account of the doings of his friends and accomplices, with which he must be fully acquainted, he had done nothing but relate hearsay tales about others; his confession, apparently, being only a contrivance to screen those who were really in league against him, and make him suspect and discard those in whom he had good reason to place confidence. If he hoped for any favour, he must then and there make full disclosure of what he knew of his own knowledge. Fenwick asked for time. The King inquired for what purpose. He could need no time, save for the production of another such paper; while what was wanted was simply a statement of what he had done and seen and heard; and this could be given at once, without pen and ink. Fenwick was unmoved: he refused to say anything. "Be it so," said the King: "I will neither hear you, nor hear from you, any more."

Fenwick returned to prison, leaving great perplexity behind him. The boldness of his demeanour, so different from the anxiety and dejection he had exhibited in his cell, was unintelligible for the moment; but the explanation came. He had received word from his wife, on the eve of the interview, that Goodman had been won, and there was but one witness left, leaving his life no longer in danger. Goodman had been bought over to France. Fenwick was safe, or thought so. But he was not to escape. He was not to profit by the purchase of Goodman. A method remained, with many precedents, and one which Fenwick had been eager to employ against the Duke of Monmouth. It was now to be resorted to against himself.

The Commons met on the 6th of November, 1696. The Earl of Orford boldly laid the confession of Fenwick before the House, and demanded justice for himself and his colleagues. "If we are innocent, clear us. If we are guilty, punish us as we deserve. I put myself on you as on my country, and am ready to stand or fall by your verdict." Fenwick was sent for from Newgate, and brought to the bar. He declined to say anything, and was removed. His confession was pronounced false and scandalous. A Bill of Attainder was moved for, and a storm arose; the Tories surprised and indignant, the Whigs warm and resolute. Leave to bring in a bill was obtained by 179 votes to 61, and it was read by 196 to 104. Fenwick was heard against the bill by counsel on the 13th. Three days the excited proceedings went on. Porter was interrogated. Goodman was shown to be absent with Fenwick's privity, and through the intervention of his friends. Secondary evidence of what he would have proved was then admitted. His confession on oath was put in. Grand jurors who had found the bill against Fenwick gave an account of what Goodman had sworn; and their

testimony was confirmed by petty jurymen who had tried and convicted another conspirator.

Protracted sittings in the Commons ensued. For fifteen hours without intermission the Speaker was once in the chair. Intense was the public interest, and crowded the House; for strangers were freely admitted, as into a court of justice. The choicest spirits of Parliament took part in the proceedings, and lent them a marvellous attraction and charm for Englishmen. The bill was passed by 189 to 156. Three to one for bringing in the bill; the votes little more than equal on the last division. From 118 the majority had come down to 33.

The Lords, too, had animated debates and narrow divisions. Secondary evidence was heard by 73 to 53. The bill had its second reading by 73 to 55: its third, by 68 to 61—a bare majority of seven votes. In the course of the proceedings, when it had become certain that the Bill would become law, Sir John was brought to the bar. He was face to face with death, and it was thought that in such a strait he might speak. But he declined to say anything unless he first had promise of the King's pardon, and was removed.

The King signed the bill on the 11th of January, 1697. The Lady Mary fell at his Majesty's feet with a petition for her husband's life; she appealed to the Lords; she begged that banishment might be substituted for death; but all that could be gained for Sir John was a brief delay of execution, and an exchange of Tower Hill for Tyburn.

In the coach of his kinsman, the Earl of Carlisle, he was conveyed to Tower Hill, where, on January 28, 1697, he suffered death on the block, meeting his fate with courage and dignity. "He behaved," observed Macaulay, "with a firmness which had not been expected from him." He is stated to have been in his fifty-second year, but was probably somewhat older; for he was in Parliament in the year 1660, and would hardly be there at the age of sixteen.

Sir John was buried by torch-light, near the altar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, close by his three sons, Charles, William, and Howard, who had died at the ages of fifteen, six, and one and a half. His widow, "as a testimony of respect for the memory of Sir John Fenwicke, Baronet, of Fenwicke Castle," erected a "monumental pillar" in York Minster; and on this memorial, some ten years later, was inscribed her own death and burial:—"Here lyeth the body of the Right Honourable the Lady Mary Fenwicke, relict of Sir John Fenwicke, Baronet, of Northumberland, and daughter of Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle. She died on the 27th October, 1708, in the fiftieth year of her age. Her life was a patrimony to the poor and friendless; and her many virtues make her memory precious."

The North-Country Garland of Song.

By John Stokoe.

NEWCASSEL IS MY NATIVE PLACE,
AND BOBBY NUNN.



ROBERT NUNN, or Bobby Nunn, as he was more familiarly called, was a Newcastle institution about fifty years ago. He was a slater to trade, and met with an accident which caused the loss of his eyesight by a fall from a roof whilst he was yet an apprentice. Being afterwards unable to follow his trade, he supported himself by his talents as a musician, attending at night with his fiddle the different merrymakings and dance meetings in the town; and as he had also written many local songs of excellent merit, which he sung with considerable humour, his services were for many years in great demand at social gatherings.

At the period of which we write, female benefit societies and their accompanying annual or "box" dinners were the order of the day; every inn had its society, from the Royal Oak down to the Shamrock; and a right royal day was that on which the dividend was declared and paid, a red-letter day in the ladies' calendar. The interior of the hostelry was all bustle and confusion to get the "gyuse" roasted; extra help was specially engaged to get the viands properly prepared; and woe betide the "cyucks" if the joints "wassent up to the mark." The great dinner was on all occasions presided over by the worthy clerk, or "sec," as he was termed, who was "A 1" with the fair ladies, a great favourite with the landlord, and a popular individual in every society. Precisely as old "Sin' Nick" chimed the hour of two, members assembled for the attack! The rule was for each member to bring her own knife and fork, which were usually carried in a clean white napkin. Adorned in a dandy frilled cap with showy ribbons, and in her clean white apron, each member really looked like a ship in full sail. Of course the ladies tried to outvie each other with their caps. Ample justice having been done to a substantial feast, and the dividend having been received, tables were cleared for the dance, in which the members' husbands joined after work hours. It was on occasions like these that Bobby Nunn was the monarch of the day, and reigned supreme. Perched on a table at one end of the room, like old King Cole he sat in state, rasping away on the fiddle for bare life, while "aad wives" and their guidmen whirled away to the old tunes, "Be Sharp Before it's Dark," "The Holey Ha'penny," &c. During the evening at short intervals he enlivened the assembly with songs of his own composition, such as "The Wise Bairn," "The Quarter o' Curna," "Jocker," "The Styen Cellars Ne Mair," and a host of others, now forgotten.

Bobby was a quiet, respectable man, with a happy, chubby face, and one who could keep any company in a roar of laughter. During the day, Bobby added a few shillings to his slender income by turning the big wheel for a wood turner named Johny Scott, or Scotty, who worked for Mr. Thomas Thompson, cabinet-maker, Pilgrim Street. At that time everybody had a fine four-post bed, and Scotty turned the bed poles. It was heavy work and scant pay for poor Bobby; but he was happy through it all, crooning over and singing his songs or whistling from morning till night.

Many of his songs, written on passing events, and sometimes rather coarse in consequence of the mixed companies he amused, are now forgotten; but several are yet to the fore, and have taken their places as standards among Tyneside songs.

Poor Bobby died in Queen Street, at the head of the Long Stairs, Newcastle, on the 2nd May, 1853, aged 45 years.

The tune of our song has been used in all parts of the United Kingdom, one sett being sung as Scotch in "We've Aye been Provided for, and Sae will We Yet," and another forming the foundation of the Irish "Wearin' o' the Green." Several local ditties have also been written to it.

New - cas - sel is my native place, Where my
mo - ther sighed for me; I was born in Rew -
cas - sell Chare, The centre of the Kee, Where in
ear - ly youth I sport - ed Quite
free from care and pain, But, a - las! those days are
gone and past, They'll never come a - gain.
No, they'll never come a - gain, They'll
never come a - gain, A - las! those days are
gone and past, They'll never come a - gain.

They sent me to the Jublee School,
A scholar to make me,
Where Tommy Penn, my monitor,
Learned me my A, B, C;
My master to correct me then
He often used the cane,
But I can say with confidence
He'll never do't again.
No, he'll never do't again,
He'll never do't again,
Yes, I can say with confidence
He'll never do't again.

Now like another youth I had
A love to grace my side,
I often whispered in her ear
That she should be my bride;
And when I kissed her ruby lips,
She cried, "O fye, for shame!"
But with "Good night" she always said,
"Oh, mind come back again,
Oh, mind come back again,
Oh, do come back again,"
But with "Good night" she always said,
"Oh, mind come back again."

At length I had to go to trade;
I went to serve my time;
The world with all its flattering charms
Before me seem'd to shine;
When plenty cash was in my store,
I never did complain,
Alas! those days are gone and past,
They'll never come again,
No, they'll never come again,
They'll never come again,
Alas! those days are gone and past,
They'll never come again.

At length to church I gladly went
With Nancy to be wed,
The thoughts of matrimony came
And troubled then my head.
The priest that tied the fatal knot
I now could tell him plain,
That, if I was once more single,
He should never tie't again.
He should never tie't again,
He should never tie't again,
If I was once more single
He should never tie't again.

Now like another married man,
I have with care to fight,
So let all joy and happiness
Among us reign to-night,
And with a bumper in each hand,
Let every heart proclaim,
That happy may we separate,
And happy meet again.
Yes! happy meet again,
Yes, happy meet again,
Happy may we separate,
And happy meet again.

The late Robert Emery, a local poet of some reputation, and a friend of Bobby Nunn's, wrote a lament on the poor minstrel's death, which, as it gives a graphic picture of Bobby's life, and is also sung to the same melody as the foregoing song, may fitly be introduced here:—

THE SANDGATE LASSIE'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF BOBBY NUNN.

Oh! hinny, Mall, aw's very bad—
My heart is like to break,—
The dowly news aw's grieved to say
Hes nearly deun the trick;
For Dick the Deevil on the Kee
Declared to me to-day,

While sobbin' sair, that deeth had tyen
 Poor Bobby Nunn away.
 Poor Bobby Nunn away,
 Poor Bobby Nunn away,
 He sobbed an' cried that deeth had tyen
 Poor Bobby Nunn away.

Aw's ne way superstitious, Mall,
 But still aw think it queer,
 That Bobby Nunn look'd shakey like
 The last time he was here :—
 Lang Jenny Brown, before she deed,
 And Peg that sell'd broon ware,
 Swore they'd never rest in hiven
 Without Bobby Nunn was there.
 Without Bobby Nunn was there, &c.

Noo Jin and Peg were fond o' spree—
 Bang'd a' for threesom reels—
 Two smarter lasses ne'er were seen
 Fra' Sandgate doon to Shields—
 But noo they're gyen to their lang hyem,
 And to keep up the fun,
 They've sent aly deeth, in spite wor teeth,
 To steal poor Bobby Nunn.
 To steal poor Bobby Nunn, &c.

Head meeting days were spent in glee,
 When Bobby took the chair—
 Whene'er we saw his sonsy face
 Wor steam got up for fair.
 His merry sang and fiddle good
 Did banish care and pain,
 But cruel deeth has stopp'd his breath—
 He'll never sing again !
 Oh ! he'll never sing again, &c.

The happy days o' Christmas
 Ne joy to us will bring,
 E'en Peter Nichol's bonny birds
 Most dowly dirges sing.
 But while Tyne's stream runs to the sea,
 Nunn's fame can never set,
 He always was Newcasel's pride
 And sae will he yet.
 And sae will he yet, &c.

from their fathers, or chose to buy or obtain by service, the freedom of the favoured town of Newcastle.

Ralph Gardner, or Gardiner, it appears, was the son of Devereux Gardiner, gent., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and (probably) grandson of Nicholas Gardiner, of Mearcefern (Mason), in the parish of Ponteland, in the county of Northumberland, yeoman. All that we know of his father is that he was bred to the legal profession and wrote a beautiful hand, and that, having failed apparently to secure a livelihood by practising law, he accepted the post of writing-master to Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in Newcastle, which he retained down till 1632, when—for what reason history sayeth not—he got his leave from the Common Council, who presented him, however, with £10, "in respect of his poverty for a full discharge to depart the school." It was while Devereux Gardiner was thus engaged that his son Ralph was born, on the 29th of August, 1625. The lad seems to have got a good education, and Dame Nature had endowed him with a dauntless spirit. Of his youth we know nothing; but in his twenty-third or twenty-fourth year he was established as a brewer at North Shields, and resided in a two-storeyed house at Chirton, near that town, which house was taken down in 1856 to make way for a new mansion then about to be erected on its site by Mr. Collingwood, of Lilburn Tower, for Mr. John Foster Spence, of North Shields. Our picture of Gardner's house is copied from a sketch, "drawn and etched by John Storey," which appeared in Philipson and Hare's edition of "England's Grievance," 1849.

The Free Hostmen of Newcastle claimed, on the authority of a clause in Queen Elizabeth's Charter, to bake and brew for all the ships in the port of Tyne. This right Ralph Gardner disputed. He asserted that charter law was in opposition to both common and statute law; and, at that particular epoch, when Monarchy was overthrown and a free Commonwealth established, he had every reason to expect that his interpretation would be adopted. The Corporation of Newcastle was still strong, however, even though Cromwell was at the helm. The Chirton brewer got intimation that he was to give up his business—"to surcease brewing." This he would not do; and actions at law were consequently brought against him. Heavy fines were imposed and costs accumulated. In August, 1652, he was cast into Newcastle Gaol, "upon a bare arrest," as Thomas Salkeld, gent., afterwards deponed, "and actions laid for upwards of nine hundred pounds where twenty pounds could not be recovered." He was kept locked up in that place "from all comforts," in a tower above thirty-six feet high, and destitute of the most common conveniences. He offered good bail, freemen of Newcastle, who were accepted and entered in the book, "and two days after razed out again, and he still kept there." He desired to be admitted to defend his own case in court, but this was refused; desired to go with a keeper to counsel,

Ralph Gardner, of Chirton.



AMONG the men of renown whom the great national rising of 1642 brought to light, not the least remarkable was a spirited brewer at Chirton, near North Shields, named Ralph Gardner, whose resistance to the "tyrannical oppression" of the old Corporation of Newcastle, with his well-known work entitled "England's Grievance Discovered in Relation to the Coal Trade," has rendered his name familiar as a household word to most dwellers on the Tyne. "The tone of the Commonwealth," it has been said, "rings through all Ralph Gardner's writings." At the time he wrote his book, he was only twenty-eight years of age—a man broken in fortune, but not in spirit, by persecution. His clear mind perceived all the evil flowing from the absurd monopoly given to Newcastle, by royal charter, of the trade and commerce of the North-East of England; and he indignantly scorned the idea that the people of Shields, or of any other place on the estuary of the Tyne, should neither bake nor brew, nor steep malt, nor build ships, unless they had inherited

which was also denied; his friends and servants not admitted to come to him; proffered good bond to be a true prisoner, to the end he might have the benefit of the fresh air, for preservation of his health, but at the gaoler's house, which the sheriff granted at the first, but presently after refused, saying that the mayor, aldermen, and himself had a meeting, and resolved he should have no liberty, being an enemy to their privileges. He was "constrained to drink the gaoler's beer, not fit for men's bodies." This, to a brewer, was "the most unkindest cut of all." No trial was ever had against him. The Common Council disobeyed two or three writs of *habeas corpus* which the sheriff received, but which he never returned. Finally, his substantial bond to appear in London before the judges was refused. Seeing no end or outlet from all this oppression, he "broke prison," after four months' detention.

From February, 1652, till May, 1653, Ralph seems to have been at liberty, gathering up his evidence, and setting himself to overturn the monopoly which had been so ruinous to him. But one day in the latter month the Newcastle myrmidons, "with swords drawn and pistols cocked," and a warrant from the mayor and sheriff, surrounded his house, while he was peacefully seated in it, shot at some of his servants, and struck his wife; and he not being the man to submit tamely to such an outrage, "much blood was spilt," for the seamen got ashore and fell upon the Newcastle men like furies, wounding and disarming them. The pretence for these proceedings was a debt of £900 for fines and court expenses; and although the victim then escaped, he was not suffered to go at large long. Shortly afterwards he was put in prison once more; and his whole case against Newcastle, which is contained at large in that remarkable volume of his, "England's Grievance," seems to have been got up by him while thus confined. Gardner's petition to the "Supreme Authority, the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England," is dated 29th September, 1653. Having been read on October 5th by the Commons' Committee for hearing petitions, it was recommended by them to the Committee on Trade and Corporations. On the 18th of the same month, the last-named committee, sitting at Whitehall, ordered it to be taken into consideration on the 15th November, the Mayor and Corporation being duly apprised thereof. The Newcastle magistrates, dismayed at the turn matters were taking, petitioned the committee to give them fourteen days longer to make their defence. This was granted. But on the 18th November many of the witnesses were examined upon the charge, the Corporation agent being present. Various excuses were

hereupon offered by Mr. Samuel Hartlibb, solicitor on behalf of the Corporation. He humbly begged ten weeks' longer time, "by reason they were not ready, nor prepared to answer the charge, for it struck at all that was near and dear unto them." The committee yielded a fortnight's grace to this pressing importunity; and the case was to come on again on the 13th December. But on the 12th December Cromwell dismissed the Long Parliament, and the proceedings fell to the ground at once, with a multiplicity of similar affairs.

Notwithstanding this defeat, Ralph did not lose heart. Though still in prison, he determined to persevere. He petitioned for a copy of certain records in the Exchequer, in order to substantiate his charge; and asked to have them gratis, on account of his being then in confinement. We know not how he obtained his liberty, or by what means, or on what terms. But three years later we find him once more at large, and as keenly engaged as ever in battle with his old antagonists. And the contest continued for many years afterwards.

It appears from the vestry book of the parish church of Tynemouth, that Ralph Gardner removed to London in 1659. With the Restoration, which took place in the following year, all hope must have fled of being able to put down the monopoly against which he had been fighting so long. His safety for the time lay in silence and retirement. Yet, true to his principles and constant in his practice, the brewer of Chirton was not to be swayed by the ill fashions of a backsliding age. Though appeals to Parliament would have been in vain, and consequently were not attempted, Ralph Gardner came back to brew his beer, and "withstand the little tyrants of his fields" on the banks of the Tyne as stoutly as ever. For, in the Bakers' and Brewers' Books of Newcastle of 1662-63, we find, amid the expenditure of the company, the following entry:—

Item, paid at Shields and other places for discovery of Mr. Gardner's brewing with wherry hire, and given to Peter Easterby, for his pains touching the same.....	£1 2 6
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This is the last direct notice we have of him at Shields,



Ralph Gardner's House
at Chirton. 1652

though in some "Expedients proposed for the easing and advantaging the coal trade, and lessening the price of coals in London and some other places," drawn up about 1675, there are many marks of his bold Roman hand.

Although Gardner was twice in prison, and suffered much otherwise, both in purse and person, he maintained to the last a degree of respectability creditable to himself. In the records of Christ Church for the year 1651 his name stands first on the list of the "Four-and-Twenty." He also held the office of churchwarden in 1651-52, and from that time down to 1659 he seems to have been quite a pillar of the church, his name generally standing next to that of Ralph de Laval in the place of honour. In the year 1658 the following occurs:—

May 22nd, 1658.

Received, the day and year above mentioned, of and from the hands of Anthony Dow, churchwarden for the parish of Tynemouth, for the Shields part of the half-year's rent for the meeting place at Chirton, the sum of forty shillings, due at Michaelmas next ensuing the date hereof, this day received by me. RALPH GARDNER.

Witness, Anthony Dow,
This being a true coppie.

One word as to Ralph's domestic relations. He was married to Catherine Reed, of Chirton, on the 9th September, 1648. She was probably a daughter of Ralph Reed, of Chirton, gentleman, who had come from Newcastle and settled there, along with George Milbourne, of Newcastle, gentleman. Ralph's first child, John, was born in 1649-50, and three others, George, Ralph, and Ann, are mentioned in the register of the parish church of Tynemouth as having been baptized—the first, Feb. 4, 1651; the second, Sept. 15, 1652; and the third July 23, 1655. John and Ann died in the years they were born.

When, or under what circumstances, Ralph Gardner died is unknown. A story was long current of his having been hanged at York for coining, on the authority of a letter from a nameless alderman of Newcastle, quoted in the life of Alderman Barnes. There once was, it is true, a person of the same name hanged at York for the crime above specified; but that was in 1661, as appears from official records, whereas our Ralph Gardner was still alive twenty years after that, and we cannot tell how much longer. The Surtees Society's volume of "York Depositions," 1861, shows him to have been living in 1682; for on March 4th, 1681-82, a letter, signed "Davenport Lacy," was addressed to the judges of assize for the city and county of York, requesting them to respite, until the next assizes, the recognizance of "one Mr. Ralph Gardner, who is now in his Majesty's present service in the Horse Guards, and bound to appear to an indictment of trespass and assault, pretended to be done by him in the city of York," "by reason he is ordered to wait upon the king in a party to Newmarket, in order to keep guard during his Majesty's stay there." The editor of the volume, referring to the story in Barnes that our Ralph Gardner was hanged at York, observes:—

This, it will be seen from the letter, was altogether incorrect. Mr. Gardner had been committing an assault at York, of which there is no account preserved, but it is evident that it was not of a serious or heinous character. It had not hitherto been ascertained what became of Gardner when he left the North. It now appears that he entered the army, and was in the Royal Horse Guards.

The counterfeit coin story had previously been disproved in Philipson and Hare's edition of "Gardner's Grievance," through the investigations of the editor,



ROCK HALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

Dr. David Ross Lietch, a brother of Mr. Thomas O. Lietch, Town Clerk of Tynemouth. The facts are also stated at length in Brookie's "History of Shields."

Though bearing marks of the haste and unpropitious circumstances in which it was composed, the "Grievance," with its pictorial illustrations, is one of the most curious monuments of the manners and customs of the times, and is specially valuable as throwing light on the municipal, commercial, and social history of Newcastle. Copies of the original edition, printed in London in 1655, in small quarto, having become extremely rare, it was reprinted at Newcastle in 1796 by the Akenheads. This, too, has become scarce. Mr. Brockett's copy of the original edition sold for £20 9s. 6d., and Mr. Thomas Bell's copy, though imperfect, likewise brought a high price. A copy of it is also in the possession of Mr. Robert Spence, of North Shields, banker, who, after infinite labour, has been able also to secure a copy of the plan to original edition.

Rock Hall, Northumberland.

ROCK HALL, the property of Mr. C. B. P. Bosanquet, is situated about four and a half miles north-east of Alnwick, in the county of Northumberland. The surrounding scenery is romantic, and the hall commands a fine prospect of the adjacent country. The hall now consists of an oblong tower, nearly rectangular; a smaller tower to the south-west, irregular in shape, with curious angles; and a tower to the north-west, containing one square room. The north-east front of the hall was probably built in the seventeenth century as a place of residence, and not as a place of strength. All the rest has been added during the present century. At the north-west front is an addition with corbie-stepped gables erected for the father of the present owner. Mr. F. R. Wilson is of opinion that there is in the masonry now visible no proof of anything older than Elizabethan times: but it is surmised that there was a Norman pele long before that period, inasmuch as there is evidence that the estate, which is co-extensive with the township of Rock, was held by service of half a knight's fee in the reign of Henry I.; and whoever held it would require a defensible place of residence. This view is supported by the fact that a little Norman chapel incorporated in the hall has been in existence from early times—probably from the time of King Stephen.

There is no Domesday Book for Northumberland, but the Testa de Nevill, our oldest authority, says that between 1219 and 1252 William de Rok held Rok under William de Vesey, Baron of Alnwick, by service of half a knight's fee of ancient feoffment. An inquisition made in 1289 informs us that Thomas de Roche held Roche, and

that it was then worth £20 a year; and an inquisition in 1314 says Thomas de Rokk held the vill of Rokk. In 1346 Robert de Tughalle held the vill of Roke by a service of a quarter of a fee, and in 1368 by service of one fee. In 1359 Bishop Hatfield gave permission to Robert de Tughalle to cause divine service to be performed in his oratories of Rock and Scremerston. Rock and Scremerston appear to have passed by marriage to the Swynhøes before 1386, and continued to belong to that family until about 1547. John de Swynhow died in the latter year, and Rock passed to his sister Margery, who married, first, Edmund Lawson, of the Craunlington family, and, second, Robert Lawson, of Usworth. The estate passed to William, Margery's son by her second marriage. In 1620 we find Sir Ralph Lawson, of Burgh, and others, conveying the manor of Rock to John Salkeld the younger, of Hull (Hulne) Abbey. This John Salkeld's grandson, Colonel John Salkeld, appears to have lived at Rock until 1705; but during part of this time one Ralph Thoresby and his father appear to have owned part of the estate, but not the house. Colonel Salkeld was succeeded by the Proctors, who had formerly owned Shaddon, and who at the time owned Proctor's Steads or Dunston Hall—Elizabeth Fenwick, granddaughter of Colonel Salkeld, having married Thomas Proctor. In 1732 the estate was sold to Lord Jersey; in 1752 a fire reduced the house to ruins, in which state it remained for more than half a century; in 1794 Mr. Peter Holford bought the estate from Lord Jersey; and in 1804 his son, Robert Holford, made it over to the grandfather of the present owner.

The Salkelds are the most interesting of the families who have occupied the house; it is thought that Colonel Salkeld planted the old limes and horse chestnuts which now beautify the gardens. The hall and grounds bear evidence of the great architectural and landscape taste of the later owners.

Early Wars of Northumbria.

XI.

CANUTE AND HIS CHIEFTAINS.

AFTER the unfortunate Ironsides had been murdered, in 1017, and Canute had assumed supreme authority over the entire kingdom, there came a period of much-needed quiet. But if internal wars ceased to cause serious trouble, there was plenty of jealousy and assassination to keep men active. The brother of Edmund was slain, his sons were banished, and a long list of distinguished offenders were done to death through the misrepresentations of Edric Steorne. This wretched schemer seems to have been always ready for disreputable work. No matter what king, or what nationality, was in the ascendant, he had

never failed to worm his way into favour with the winning side. It is satisfactory to know that he eventually met with a suitable reward, and that to Northumbria belongs the credit of his undoing. The recital reads like a page of Eastern romance. While discussing state matters with the king, Edric is said to have loudly complained about the insufficiency of his rewards for many notable services. He had been made Earl of Mercia, but was dissatisfied with the way in which his power was



restricted. His discontent was exceedingly unpalatable to the rude chiefs around him, as many of them thought the honour could have been more worthily bestowed. Canute justified his own watchfulness on the ground that the betrayer of one king, and the murderer of another, was not unlikely to be lacking in loyalty to their successor. Eric of Northumbria was a sullen listener to the wrangle that ensued, and, provoked by the audacity of his dangerous colleague, he brained him with a battle-axe. It was a sensational sequel to a life of treachery and crime, and illustrates not inaptly the savage lawlessness of the time. The carcase of Edric was thrown into the Thames, and "the ghastly head, spiked upon the highest gate of London, announced to the populace that a wretch had at last paid the penalty of his misdeeds."

CHANGED CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

In the years that immediately ensued, the lot of the Anglo-Saxons was a most unenviable one. They were insulted, plundered, and sorely oppressed by Danes of all degrees; and it was only when Canute had firmly established his authority, and realised the importance

of having a united people, that the tyranny and persecution ceased. He banished Thurkill and Eric from his realm; put Northumbria under the more gentle sway of Siward; and kept a pretty tight grip on the lesser chieftains everywhere. In course of time Dane and Saxon stood shoulder to shoulder on many a foreign battle field, and won victory after victory against the troops of Norway and Sweden.

THE BRITONS OF CUMBRIA.

By 1031 Canute had become the greatest monarch of his day, and the wisdom of his rule was rapidly bringing about a state of prosperity in England that had never been previously equalled. There was only one cloud on the horizon, and that was in the North. Cumbria, it will be remembered, was still governed by a British chieftain, though it owed allegiance to the King of the Scots. Ethelred had endeavoured to tax the Cumbrians in 1008—during his efforts to raise a land and sea force for the repulsion of the Danes—but all his demands for money were resisted. Malcolm, a son of King Kenneth, was residing in Cumbria at the time, and he strongly supported the action of the Britons. They were always able, he said, to repel the Danes by their own power, and could neither submit to buy peace off their enemies nor pay others for assisting them. Offended by this fearless reply, Ethelred had ordered Earl Uchtred to enforce his demands, and an army of Northumbrians forthwith took the field. They encountered the allied forces at Carham-on-Tweed, but, in the fighting that ensued, were rather roughly handled. Owen the Bold lost his life, and the hamlets of his people were burnt; but these disasters only increased the martial ardour of the Scots, and, in a pursuit across the Border, they fully avenged the losses of their friends. Although this action led to nothing serious at the time, it was not forgotten. The Cumbrians steadily refused to supply the funds sought by Ethelred, and they also resisted similar demands from Canute in the early days of his reign. When, however, the Dane had established himself securely on the throne, and had settled accounts with his Norwegian and Swedish enemies, he summoned Malcolm—who was then King of Scotland—to acknowledge himself a vassal for Cumbria to the Crown of England. Malcolm refused compliance, on the ground that he could not owe allegiance to a usurper; but when he saw the vastness of the army which Canute sent to the northern frontier, he realised that conflict was hopeless, and lowered his colours without a blow. In the terms agreed upon, it was decided that Duncan, a grandson of the Scottish ruler, should be put in possession of Cumbria, and should then make the submission required. In this way, Canute got what he sought, the dignity of Malcolm was preserved, and the remaining years of the great Dane's reign were allowed to be spent in peace.

POWER OF THE GREAT EARLDOMS.

During the turbulent reigns of Harold Harefoot and

in their mountain retreats. The rapidity of their manoeuvres, indeed, seldom failed to frustrate the plans of their assailants: and hence it happened that a somewhat remarkable change took place in the military accoutrements of the Saxons. Harold had no alternative but to reduce the weight of metal in the helmets of his followers, and to construct their shields and breastplates of leather. When thus lightened, they were better qualified for rapid marches; and, being aided by a powerful fleet on the coast, eventually succeeded in bringing their adversaries to their knees. Algar was banished, as the best means of counteracting his influence in the country; but the conquerors were compelled, for the sake of peace, to grant the Mercian earldom to his son Edwin.

REBELLION AGAINST TOSTIG.

While matters were thus gloomy for Mercia and Wales, the Northumbrians created a very acceptable diversion. They had not been happy during the long campaign against their old friends, and, therefore, when Tostig afterwards began to add cruel treatment to the general severity of his rule, the people rose against him in a body. They were the hardiest and most warlike men in the land, and they soon made their power felt. Marching to York, in 1065, they speedily put the tyrant to flight, killed 200 of his body-guard on the banks of the Ouse, and pillaged both his treasury and armoury. Having taken this bold step, the insurrectionary party ignored the authority of the king also, and proceeded to the election of a new chief. Siward's only son, Waltheof, was deemed too young for the appointment, and the popular choice fell upon Morcar, another of the sons of Algar. This young warrior accepted the offer, and, after being duly installed, took charge of an expedition against the Saxons of the South. As amongst his followers were many of Edwin's men from Mercia, and not a few of the Britons of Wales, his command was eminently fitted for the work of conquest. When he had reached Northampton, however, he was confronted by Harold—who had just returned from his famous mission to William of Normandy—and a conference was arranged between the leaders of the opposing forces. Harold tried, of course, to secure the peaceable reinstatement of his brother; but the Northumbrians declined absolutely to sanction any such adjustment of the pending dispute. Tostig, they said, had tyrannised over them, and they would have no more of his sway. "A proud chief," they added, "is to us unbearable, for we have learnt from our ancestors to live free or die." Under these circumstances, and being doubtful of the result of a conflict, Harold wisely allowed the election of Morcar to stand, and promised to have it confirmed by the king.

NORWEGIAN SUCCESSES IN THE NORTH.

When Tostig realised that Northumbria was lost to him, he laid all the blame on his brother, and became one of his most inveterate opponents. But though he at once began to intrigue against the Saxon power, there was little response from any quarter until after the death of Edward the Confessor in January, 1066. Matters then began to assume a very gloomy aspect. Harold's elevation to the vacant throne was regarded as a breach of faith by the Normans, and Duke William at once made preparations for asserting his own claims to the realm. Tostig's services were accordingly utilised, and he was given a few ships with which to harry the English coast. Owing to the keenness of the outlook, the



scheme was not very successful. After futile descents had been made on the Isle of Wight and East Anglia, he made a dash up the Humber; but here again he was driven off by the forces of Edwin and Morcar. Finding all his efforts useless, he set sail for Denmark in the hope that the then king—a descendant of the fiery Sweyne—might attempt the conquest of the island. Being baulked once more, he tried his blandishments on Hardrada, King of Norway. Here he was more successful, and, by the end of summer, a fleet of 200 war ships and 300 store ships were in readiness for the projected work. Having touched at the Orkneys—where they were reinforced by a large contingent of pirates and adventurers—the allies sailed for the Tyne, and succeeded in plundering many towns on its banks. Whitby and Scarborough shared the same fate. As it was not deemed advisable to linger over any of these exploits, a move was next made for the Humber, and the vessels, branching off at the Ouse, proceeded to Riccal, a place not far from the city of York. Here the invaders landed, and, after being joined by a section of the natives favourable to Tostig, proceeded

to devastate the district in all directions. Morcar and Edwin hastily gathered their forces, and gave battle at Water Fulford, near Bishopsthorpe. The result was a severe defeat for the Northumbrians. As the old chroniclers put it, "there was much of the English slain, drowned, and driven away in flight, and the Norsemen had possession of the place of carnage." York was next assailed; but as it capitulated after a mere show of resistance, the strangers settled down, as they supposed, to the peaceable enjoyment of their newly won dominions.

WILLIAM LONGSTAFF.

In our concluding sketch we have a fair representation of the lightly accoutred fighting force of the Saxons. With the exception of the metal skull cap, the only protection—whether by shield or leg guards—was of padded leather. But while this was the uniform of the rank and file, there were special regiments—both of Saxon and Dane—that went into action with much more effective coverings of ring or masclad armour, and were supplied, in addition, with ponderous head pieces of hammered steel. It is not easy, in the face of conflicting accounts, to say precisely how the chieftains were arrayed; but Strutt, who devoted much attention to the subject, has figured them in chain mail from head to heels. In the description of Godwin's famous present to Hardicanute, we get one of the most reliable accounts of the military equipment of the period. Having constructed a gorgeously decorated barque, the great earl had it manned by eighty of his thegns. Each of these warriors is said to have had a gilded helmet on his head; a triple hauberk on his body; a sword, with hilt of gold, by his side; a battle-axe, damasked with silver, on his shoulder; and a shield, on his left arm, that was bound and embossed with even greater magnificence.

The Story of a Border Trance.

CASES of suspended animation have, from time to time, been recorded in different parts of the world. One of these, resting on evidence which may be variously regarded, is very closely associated with the North of England. It is that of Mrs. Erskine, wife of the Rev. Henry Erskine, an eminent Nonconformist divine of more than two centuries ago.

This gentleman was one of the thirty-three children of Ralph Erskine, who belonged to a family that originally descended from the ancient house of Mar. Henry Erskine was minister of Cornhill-on-Tweed, which then formed part of the county of Durham. Ejected from his living in 1662, under the terms of the Act of Uniformity, he afterwards resided several years at Dryburgh, the last resting place, as is generally known, of Sir Walter Scott. Seized afterwards by a company of soldiers, he had the honour of testifying before the "bluidy Mackenzie" and a committee of the Scotch Privy Council. Condemned as one who preached in "conventicles," and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, he was transported to the Bass Rock, where he remained for some time; but

through the kindness of influential friends, his penalty was ultimately commuted into banishment from the kingdom of Scotland. Erskine then returned to England; but, as he still continued his irregular preaching practices, he was apprehended and imprisoned at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. King James's proclamation of indulgence setting him free once more, he entered upon the pastoral charge of a dissenting place of worship at Moneylaws, in the county of Northumberland.

It was while he was living at Moneylaws that, according to tradition, his wife, to all appearance, died, and was actually placed in the family vault. Mrs. Erskine wore a valuable gold ring, which, as it could not be easily removed from her finger, was buried with her. This circumstance being known to the sexton, he thought it a pity that so precious an article should be left among the mouldering remains. Accordingly, he opened the grave at night, seized hold of the lady's hand, and tried to pull off the ring. Finding it difficult to do so, however, and fearing discovery, the fellow whipped out his jack-knife, and was in the act of cutting off the finger to secure the coveted treasure, when, to his amazement and horror, the supposed corpse sat up in the coffin. As may readily be imagined, the grave-digger quickly fled; and Mrs. Erskine, thus restored to activity, made the best of her way home, where her well-known knock at the door startled her husband, who is said to have exclaimed, "If my wife had not been dead, I could have sworn that that was her knock."

The worthy lady—so the old story runs—survived this extraordinary experience many years, and bore several children, including a son named Ralph, who was born in 1685. This son became the Rev. Ralph Erskine, V.D.M., minister of Dunfermline from 1711, when he was twenty-six years old, to 1752. In conjunction with his brother, the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, who was four years older than himself, he became the founder of the Secession Church, which, by a series of amalgamations, has become the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The Rev. Ralph Erskine was the author of what are known as "The Gospel Sonnets," to which is added another very quaint poem, entitled "Smoking Spiritualised." As a further example of his proclivities in this direction we may quote the following epitaph, which he composed on the death of his first wife, Margaret Dewar, who died on the 22nd of November, 1730, after having borne him ten children.

The law brought forth her precepts ten,
And then dissolved in grace;
This vine as many boughs, and then
In glory took her place.

Her dying breath triumphantly
Did that sweet anthem sing,
"Thanks be to God for victory!
O death! where is thy sting?"

In the biographical sketch of the Rev. Ralph Erskine which accompanied a volume of his poems published in 1803, no reference is made to the remarkable occurrence

to which he is alleged to have owed his parentage on the maternal side. Very recently, however, the circumstances have been fully stated and argued *pro* and *con.* in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Mr. R. A. Hill, writing from Stirling on the 4th of October, 1888, stated that the story of the interment and subsequent resurrection of Mrs. Erskine had been known to him from his earliest childhood as an actual occurrence. "The incident," Mr. Hill added, "has been handed down from one generation to another in our family; and the ring referred to is in my possession now." With such evidence and data to guide them, readers must form their own conclusions.

Ralph Waldo Emerson in Newcastle.

AN intimation appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* on the 4th of February, 1848, that the committee of the Mechanics' Institution had engaged Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson to deliver two lectures in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, on Wednesday and Thursday, February 9th and 10th—the first on "Shakspeare, the Poet," the second on "Napoleon, the Man of the World." The price of admission to each lecture was one shilling to the body of the room, and one shilling and sixpence to the reserved seats. The advertisement was signed by the then secretaries of the institution, Mr. J. L. Thornton and Mr. Metcalf Rcss. The *Chronicle*, in the following week, gave a brief notice of Mr. Emerson's visit, stating that the audience was a good one, and that the lecturer was frequently applauded. It also published the following brief report of the oration on Shakspeare:—

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American author and lecturer, delivered a lecture on Shakspeare, the Poet, in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, to a numerous audience. The lecturer, in investigating the characteristics of the poet's genius, remarked that the history of the man furnished no insight into the mind of the poet, so as to elucidate the causes and explain the process by which his genius was able to exert a power so talismanic and universal. Shakspeare, in the age in which he lived, maintained his incognito complete. The age, rich as it was in great men, failed to recognise the poet of mankind; and it was only during the present age that his genius had been appreciated, or that his history could be written. The lecturer also showed how true genius, having once proved its power to be original, thenceforward established its claim to become a universal borrower from the writings of others, inheriting, so to speak, the fruits of other men's labours. Shakspeare's object, however, was to exhibit the beautiful, not so much for the sake of its relation to the true, as for its own sake. Cheerfulness was his prevailing characteristic; amusement was the object to which his powers were always directed; and the poet was still wanted who should prove that unrivalled powers of fancy were ever compatible with universal wisdom.

Mr. Emerson was the guest of Mr. George Crawshaw, who then resided in Westgate Street. Mr. Crawshaw

has kindly supplied us with the following memorandum of his recollection of the New England philosopher:—

April 27, 1888.

Emerson was a delightful inmate; so exalted, so gentle, and so pure; his presence did one good. We had much conversation. I have four letters from him, in one of which he says that he continued to be occupied with the subjects of our conversation. He induced me to get the "Bhagavad-Gita," a translation from the Sanscrit, and predicted to me a great infusion of Oriental thought into English thought. The grounds of his prediction, which has come true, were that in this respect there was a vacuum in England which would necessarily be filled up. At the time of his visit I was full of Charles Fourier's ideas, and they were the chief subject of discussion. That a great truth underlay Fourier's extravagances was our common view. G. C.

The four letters to which Mr. Crawshaw refers have also been placed in our hands, with permission to copy them. As everything that Emerson wrote is of interest to the world at large, we are pleased to have the privilege of printing them here:—

2, Ferry Street, Higher Broughton,

Manchester, December 24, 1847.

Dear Sir,—Your kind note was received last night, and awakens the warmest interest. It is not yet quite certain that I am to lecture at Newcastle, but on such a showing as yours I see not how I can avoid going thither. I believe I must frankly accept your invitation, and make you a short visit, whether I go to the Institute or not. Will you let me keep this good hope before me? and when I see the opportunity of realizing it, I will write to you.—Yours respectfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

2, Ferry Street, Higher Broughton,

Manchester, February 7, 1848.

Dear Sir,—I find that I am promised to your Mechanics' Institution at Newcastle on Wednesday evening next, so that I am setting forth on my journey northward to-day, and promise myself the privilege of visiting you on Wednesday p.m. I hope it will be my good fortune to find you at home. If affairs have chanced to call you thence, I shall blame my imprudence in not giving you earlier notice of my designs on you.—Yours respectfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

Edinburgh, Monday Evening, Feb. 14, 1848.

My Dear Sir,—Forgive me the strange slowness in keeping my promise; but I have been in a whirl ever since I left your door, and could ill command a minute or a pen. But the train kept its word and arrived at or near 8.15. A porter came at once to the carriage window to see if Mr. E. was within. Dr. Brown was waiting for me. Your message had been faithfully forwarded, and happily the lecture had been appointed for 8½ o'clock. I was driven to the Phil. Society's rooms, where I found kind secretaries with hot coffee, and the audience were kept waiting by apologizing directors only fifteen minutes, so that all prospered well. There was a great company, so the forewarning was important. I have seen Professor Wilson and Lord Jeffrey, and to-day dined with De Quincey. I trust that Mrs. Crawshaw is in firmer health,* though the weather is so wild. I am still revolving many good things I learned at your house, and shall not have done with them for a long time. But in the present haste must postpone all to a future note.—Yours with great regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

2, Ferry Street, Higher Broughton,

Manchester, March 2, 1848.

My Dear Sir,—Your kind note found me still in Scotland, where I had a pleasant visit, and satisfied on many points and persons my Western curiosity. Thence I came to Ambleside, where I spent a couple of days

* Mrs. Crawshaw, who was a daughter of the late Sir John Fife, died on August 3, 1889, aged 63.

most agreeably; saw Wordsworth for an hour and a half; had much talk with Miss Martineau of her coming book; saw the excellent family of the Arnolds, and particularly Mr. Greg, under whose guidance I had a good ride on horseback among the mountains and waters; and yesterday returned home hither. I think to set forth toward London to-morrow, perhaps may stop at Birmingham one night, and I mean to remain in or near London until 1st May. If you shall be there in that interim, and will send your address for me to Mr. Chapman, 142, Strand, I shall not fail to see you. These wondrous French news must occupy you fully in these days and hours. I desire to be kindly remembered by Mrs. Crawshay, and am yours, with best regards,

R. W. EMERSON.

Old House at Hexham.

FOUR or five years ago the old house shown in our engraving, which is copied from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, still existed in Gilesgate, Hexham. But it has since given place to business premises.

The style of the house was Early Jacobean; it had prominent bay windows, and was unmistakably of some note in its earlier days. It was rather unique in having the Royal motto on its lintel, boldly cut in black letter:—

HONI SOIT QVI MAL Y PENS
W.S. . . . ANNO DOMINI. 1638.

The final letter of the motto was omitted for want of

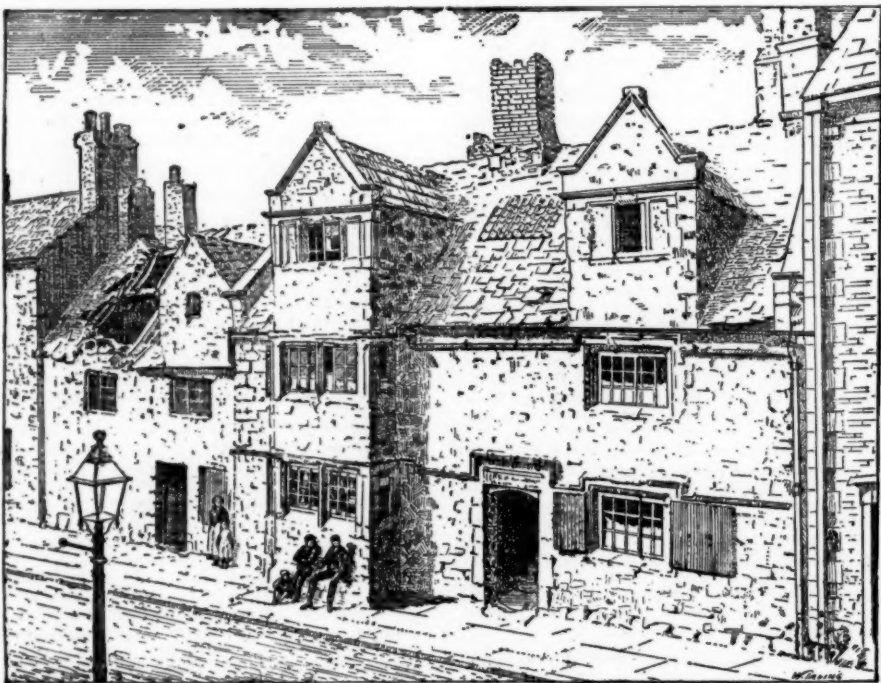
space, while the third and fourth letters in the second line were almost obliterated. The windows had all been mullioned; the door was iron studded; and a room on the left hand had an enormous fireplace, some 10 feet wide. Tradition has it that the house belonged to one of the county families, many of whom had residences in Hexham, just as in these modern times many have town residences in London.

Gilesgate has still other old houses which bear interesting inscriptions. One of these is over the door of the Skinners' Arms. The inscription is as follows:—

C.D. 1613 I.D.

Reason doth wonder, but Faith he can tell
That a Maid was a Mother, and God was a Man;
Let Reason look down, and Faith see the wonder,
For Faith sees above, and Reason sees under.
Reason doth wonder what by Scripture is meant,
Which saith that Christ's body is our sacrament;
That our bread is his body, and our drink is his blood,
Which cannot by reason be well understood;
For Faith sees above, and Reason below,
For Faith can see more than Reason doth know.

Perhaps we may just add a word or two about the trade of Hexham when these old houses would be in their palmy days. The staple trades then were weaving, hatting, gloving, and tanning. With the exception of the last-named, all these trades are now things of the past. A century or so ago, however, they gave employment to a large number of workpeople. Wright, in his



OLD HOUSE AT HEXHAM.

"History of Hexham," written half a century ago, gives the following table to show the extent to which the leather trade was then carried on:—

Men and boys employed as leather-dressers and glove-cutters.....	71
Boys employed as dusters.....	40
Women in Hexham and its vicinity employed as sewers.....	1,000
	1,111
Raw skins used annually	80,000
Skins of dressed leather imported annually.....	18,000
	98,000

There were annually made and exported 23,504 dozen pairs of gloves. But the glory of "Hexham tans" has departed.

Haltwhistle Church.

HALTWHISTLE, a village in appearance, is in reality a genuine old-fashioned country market town, pleasantly situated in the valley of the South Tyne. It impresses the visitor with a sense of its airy healthfulness, and with its easy-going and leisurely circumstances. It has witnessed its stirring scenes in the old days of Border feud and warfare; but those times have for ever passed away, and, except for the record they have left in the pages of history, and the evidence of their necessities which we find in the peel towers and castles of the North Country, would now be forgotten. An interesting fragment of one of these ancient strongholds may still be found in the rear of the Red Lion, perhaps the principal hostelry in Haltwhistle.

Such annals of the history of Haltwhistle church as we

possess, though scanty, are deeply interesting. In former times the position of the vicars of this parish was anything but enviable. When, in 1311, Robert Brus, the King of Scotland, invaded Northumberland, ravaging the district of Gililand and a great part of Tindale, and overrunning the country as far as Corbridge, his followers carried off the then vicar of Haltwhistle, one Robert de Pykwell, a prisoner. On the 13th October, 1311, there occurs a letter from the Bishop of Durham, addressed to Pykwell—"We have recently heard, from the confused story of trustworthy persons, that thou hast been captured by the Scots, the enemies of the king and kingdom of England, and detained in captivity to the imminent danger of thy death, and that thou art not able, without a most costly redemption, to escape from their audacious hands." Whereupon the bishop proceeds to license the vicar to farm out "the fruits, rents, offerings, and profits" of his vicarage for one year, in order to raise the sum needed for his liberation. Pykwell does not seem to have long survived his captivity. In September, 1316, a successor, David de Harrays, was appointed to the living, and, as we meet with no subsequent mention of Pykwell, it is almost certain he was dead.

But those were troubled times. The king was incessantly engaged in war, to bear the expenses whereof, subsidies were being constantly levied on the nation. When, therefore, Edward, by brief, calls upon the Bishop of Durham, in February, 1312, to collect the contributions at which they were assessed from certain of his clergy, amongst whom occurs the vicar of Haltwhistle, for a sum of £10. 10s. 6d., we are not surprised to find the bishop replying, "the goods of the vicar of Haltwhistle are not to be found, because they are destroyed by the Scots." Shortly afterwards, in another return, the bishop tells the king that he can levy nothing at present towards the royal subsidies on the vicars of Northam, Bywell St. Peter's, Haltwhistle, Hilderton, or the parson of Ovingham, because all their goods, as well as the churches and villages in their parishes, are entirely burnt and destroyed by the Scots." Again and again, the same story is repeated in later returns—"Their churches are burnt, and their parishes destroyed."

In 1385, the church of Haltwhistle was appropriated to the Priory of Tynemouth. The Scots still harassed the country, and Tynemouth suffered severely from their repeated invasions. The maintenance of the walls and towers of the convent, which, like Durham, was

Half church of God, half castle against the Scot, exceeded the monks' resources. They,



Haltwhistle Church
from the North East

Photographed by
J. P. Gibson.

therefore, petitioned the king and the Bishop of Durham for the appropriation of Haltwhistle Church. The king's license mentions that the priory is "situated in the marches of Scotland," "to which priory the adversaries and enemies of our kingdom of England are able to come dryshod; and the possessions of the said priory and its rents and profits, on account of the invasions of the Scots, assailing those parts for many years past, are so diminished, that the said prior and convent, and their household and servants, serving God within the said priory, are unable to maintain the ammunition of the walls and towers surrounding the said priory on the one hand, and the walls circumvallating the said priory after the fashion of a castle and great fortress on the other. On which account the castle, towers, and walls of the said priory are much decayed on every side; the people, who with their goods are received into the said castle and priory in the time of civil war, cannot be comfortably maintained; and the hospitalities and charities which the said priory was accustomed to dispense" cannot be supported unless some remedy be afforded. For all these reasons the king calls upon the Bishop of Durham to appropriate the church of Haltwhistle to the priory. The bishop complied with the request, imposing, however, the condition that the prior and convent of Tynemouth should pay the vicar of Haltwhistle his accustomed stipend, as well as 13s. 4d. a year to the bishop himself and his successors, and 6s. 8d. a year to the prior and convent of Durham. The rest of the income of the church of Haltwhistle was to go to the priory of Tynemouth.

Haltwhistle Church is an edifice about which there is much to interest every visitor. It is a building in what is called the early English style of architecture, and was evidently erected about 1250. Except its modern alterations and restorations, it is all of one date.

The church consists of a nave with two aisles and a chancel. The nave is divided from its aisles by arcades, each of four pointed arches: The pillars are cylindrical, and have round capitals, the upper portion of each of which—technically called "the abacus"—is eight sided. The moulding which covers the arches—called the "hood-moulding"—on the sides towards the nave, is what is known as the "nail-head moulding," from its resemblance to a row of old-fashioned pyramid-shaped nailheads. All the windows in the church are what are known as lancets. In the clerestory of the nave—that is, in the walls which are above the roofs of the aisles and above the arches also—there are three windows of this kind on each side. There are two windows under a single arch at the east end of each aisle. There is a beautiful, though much restored, doorway on the north side of the nave, formerly the principal entrance to the church, but now opening only into the vestry. The font, which stands near the west end of the church, is a remarkable piece of workmanship. It is six sided, and each side is covered by

sculpture of the rudest description. On one side is the representation of a face, evidently meant for our Saviour's; on the next side an intricate knot is carved; the third side bears a thistle, the fourth a cross, the fifth a fleur-de-lis, and the sixth another knot. Near the rim is the following inscription:—

R P IVLY THE 29 1676

R. P. are the initials of Robert Priestman, who was at that time Vicar of Haltwhistle.

Close beside the chancel arch, high up in the north-east and south-east corners of the nave are stone brackets, one on each side. There have been many ingenious suggestions as to what was the original purpose of these brackets. There can, I think, be no doubt that they were intended to carry images. Near to the east end of the south aisle, and in the south wall, is a small and very rude piscina, the uses of which I explained in the account of Norton Church. (See page 346.) This part of the church was evidently used, before the reformation, as a chantry.

We now come to the chancel, the architectural features of which do not require lengthy description. The principal of these is the beautiful east window, consisting of three lofty lancet lights, each of which has shafts at its sides, with bases, bands and capitals, and a trefoil head, in the moulding of which we again meet with the nail heads. There are four lancet windows on each side of the chancel. In the south wall are three sedilia, priests' seats—each with a trefoil head, and separated from each other by clustered shafts. Here, also, there is a piscina, much of which is modern, but its original miniature nook-shafts constitute an unusual feature of great interest and beauty.

The Church of Haltwhistle, like many of our old churches, has a "low-side window," though here, as in the majority of cases, it is walled up. Some reader may ask, What is a low-side window? It is a small window, or, perhaps I ought to say, opening, at the west end of the chancel, in the *side* wall, almost always on the south, though very rarely we find it on the north, *low* down and near the ground and looking into the churchyard. It is sometimes of one light, sometimes of two. Originally it was never glazed, but was closed by a shutter, the iron hinges of which, in a few cases, still exist. The same reader may again ask, What was the purpose of these low-side windows? It is easier often to ask questions than to answer them, and this is a case in point. Long and learned papers on the purpose of these low-side windows have been written and read and discussed and printed. Theories without number have been put forward. The briefest statement of the various opinions of learned antiquaries would fill pages of this magazine; and still, perhaps, the question remains unanswered. They had probably several uses, and, whatever might be their principal purpose, I have no doubt that they were used as confessionals, and for the administration of the sacra-

ment during periods of pestilence, and to infected persons at all times. The low-side window at Haltwhistle is of two lights, and square headed, and was doubtless an insertion of the fifteenth century.

There are several monuments of the departed in this church of the very highest interest. One of these is the recumbent effigy of an armed knight, which lies on the north side of the chancel, within the communion rails. It has, as the visitor will see, been terribly mutilated. Not only has the figure lost its legs and all the features of its face, but even the shield once attached to its right arm has been destroyed. The shield existed in the time of John Hodgson, the historian, and bore a device which proved that the effigy represented some member of the ancient family of Blenkinsop. The costume of the effigy, so far as its mutilated state enables us to judge, belongs to the latter portion of the fourteenth century. It is probably the effigy of Thomas de Blenkinsop, lord of Blenkinsop Castle, a personage who appears to have taken an active part in the military affairs of the North in his day, having been at one time Governor of Roxborough Castle. He died between 1386 and 1389, at the age of about 50 years, and is said to have then borne arms for 30 years. But there is an older memorial of a Blenkinsop on the other side of the chancel. This is the largest and most elaborate of the three grave covers. All these ancient grave covers have points of resemblance to each other, which render it almost certain that they are the work of one sculptor; and a very excellent sculptor he evidently was. The designs of all the crosses are very beautiful, though the Blenkinsop's cross bears the palm. It is proved to be a Blenkinsop's monument by the coat of arms upon it, which a herald would describe as "a fesse between three garbs"—*garb* being an old word for a corn-sheaf. These three slabs may all belong to about the year 1350. On the Blenkinsop stone we see a sword, a bag (with another corn-sheaf on it) and a long staff represented. The sword indicates that the person commemorated was a male, and not, as many people think, that he was a warrior. The staff and the bag indicate that he had undertaken one of those pilgrimages to some distant shrine—perhaps to Rome, perhaps to the Holy Sepulchre—which were so fashionable in the middle ages. Another Thomas de Blenkinsop had license granted him in 1340 to crenellate—that is, to fortify—his manor house of Blenkinsop, which was then described as being in "the Marches of Scotland." He is probably the person commemorated by this beautiful gravestone, and was most likely the father of the knight whose effigy I have already described. The Blenkinsops were an ancient and powerful Northumbrian family. The earliest mention of them occurs about 1240, when one Ralph de Blenkinsop held the vill of Blenkinsop. From this time we find them, through a long series of generations, occupying Blenkinsop Castle, till the early part of last century, when the line terminated in an heiress who married William Coul-

son, of Jesmond, from whom the Blenkinsop-Coulsons are descended.

The two other grave-covers are, as we know from the coat of arms upon them, memorials of members of the family of Thirlwall, another ancient Northumbrian family. They, like the Blenkinsops, took their name from their estate, which, in turn, had its designation from the fact that the famed Roman Wall passes across it. The early Thirlwalls were called barons. This family also ended in a female representative, who, in 1738, married one of the Swinburnes. The early generations in the pedigree of the Thirlwalls are too chaotic and fragmentary to enable us with any degree of probability to determine whose graves these interesting stones covered. We must be content with the simple fact that they were ancient Thirlwalls. One Lancelot Thirlwall, who died in 1583, in his will, desired "to be buried within the parish church of Haltwhistle, where my ancestors doth lie."

We have still another monument to notice, which, though more recent in date, is no less interesting. It is a slab of stone, fixed to the south wall of the chancel, and which, beneath some strange sculptures, bears a long rhyming inscription. It commemorates one John Ridley, "lord of the Walltown," who married his relative, Elizabeth Ridley, the sister of Bishop Nicholas Ridley, who, as everybody knows, was martyred at Oxford in 1555. The bishop, in the letter in which, just before his martyrdom, he bids his relatives farewell, thus addresses John Ridley and his wife:—"Farewell, my beloved brother, John Ridley, of the Walltown, and you my gentle and loving sister Elizabeth, whom, besides the natural league of amity, your tender love which you were said ever to bear towards me above the rest of your brethren doth bind me to love. My mind was to have acknowledged this your loving affection, and to have acquitted it with deeds, and not with words alone. Your daughter Elizabeth I bid farewell, whom I love for the meek and gentle spirit that God hath given her, which is a precious thing in the sight of God." The Ridley inscription, which in parts is difficult to decipher, reads as follows:—

HYON REDLE THATE SYM TYM DID BE
THEN LARD OF THE WALTON
GON IS HE OVT OF THES VAL OF MERSE
HIS BONE LIES VNDER THES HYON
WE MYST BELEVE HE GODE MERSE
INTO THES WORLD GAVE HES SON
THEN FOR TO REDEM AL CHRESTENS
SO CHRIST HADE HES SOVL WOUN
AL FANTHYVL PEOPLE MAY BE FAEN
WHEN DATH COMES THAT NON CAN FLE
THE BODE KEPT THE SOVL IN PAEN
THROUGH CHRIST IS SET AT LEBERTE
AMONG BLESSED COMPANE TO REMAEN
TO SLEP IN CHRIST NOWE IS HE GON
YET STEL BELEVES TO HAVE AGAEN
THROUGH CHRIST A IOYFUL RESYRECCION
AL FRENDES MAY BE GLAD TO HARE.

WHEN HIS ROYL FROM FARE DID GO
OVT OF THIS WORLD AS DORTH APARE
IN THE YEER OF OVR LORD
A : 1562
X X

Blenkinsop Castle is now a shattered ruin ; Thirlwall Castle is also a ruin ; and the tower of Walltown, the ancient home of the Riddleys, has almost entirely disappeared. The conditions of social life out of which these old fortresses arose no longer exist. Of many of their occupants even the names have perished. But the ruins of these ancient homes, and the gravestones on this chancel floor, call up before us the dim figures of those valiant knights, the lords of Thirlwall, Blenkinsop, and Walltown, whose halls and corridors were hung with armour, whose doors were thickly barred with iron, from whose battlements missiles and arrows were showered upon the invader, who themselves went forth from their fortresses, now to the sanctuary where the bones of their ancestors were laid, now in defence of their cattle and their neighbours against the raid of the Border freebooter, and who, despite the rudeness of their age, beneath their coats of mail cherished the faith and the humanity which have ever ennobled our race.

Our view of Haltwistle Church is from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Hexham.

J. R. BOYLE, F.S.A.

The Floating Island in Derwentwater.

A SMALL volume has lately been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., from the pen of Mr. G. J. Symons, secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society, which gives the history, and explains the reason for the existence, of the mysterious floating island in Derwentwater. As far back as authentic records can be obtained, there has appeared from time to time in the south-east corner

Lake Derwentwater, a small island, which, after a certain interval of time, has sunk again and disappeared. The place at which this phenomenon is exhibited is approximately the same at each re-appearance, namely, a point off the mouth of the Derwent and about 200 yards to the west of the place where the Cat Gill Beck pours its waters into the lake. At this point the ordinary depth of the water is about six feet. The island, which, when it rises, appears a few inches above the level of the lake, is sufficiently firm to allow people to stand on it ; and on one occasion a band landed on it and played a selection of airs. Its area has been found to vary on different occasions from a few square yards up to two acres. Now and again several small islets appear instead of a single one, and not infrequently it has been found to be divided by one or more deep clefts. Careful examination

shows that the island consists of a peaty mass several feet in thickness, having its surface covered by living specimens of various water plants. It is manifest that the island is merely the highest part of a great blister-like upheaval of the peat which here forms the lake bottom, and that when this blister-like elevation subsides the island is submerged and disappears. Captain Wharton, the hydrographer to the Admiralty, who on one occasion accompanied Mr. Symons on a visit to the island, obtained a section of the peaty mass of which it is formed down into the lake bottom. The peat was found to rest on a layer, only a few inches thick, of a diatomaceous earth. When sticks are forcibly thrust into the materials composing the island bubbles of gas are given off, and these on analysis are found to be almost identical with that of fire-damp from Killingworth Colliery. It is only in hot weather that it rises, generally in the months of July and August ; and while it has never been known to appear before June 5, it has only once remained up after October 8. It would seem that during warm weather a sufficient evolution of gases takes place to cause the peaty bottom of the lake at this point to rise in a great blister. But what are the causes that give rise to an evolution of gas at this particular spot—an operation that has been repeated many times during the last 150 years—it is not easy to suggest. It is equally difficult to assign a cause for the appearance of this phenomenon at a definite point with such remarkable persistency, while nothing of the kind has been observed elsewhere.

Blanchland.

ON the northern bank of the Derwent, about two miles from its source, Walter de Bolbec founded, in 1165, an abbey for twelve Premonstratensian canons. The site chosen, called by them *Blancalanda*, *Albalanda*, or *Glanalanda*, from an abbey of that name in Picardy, was a picturesque and secluded one, the moorland landscape around it harmonising, in its somewhat monotonous and austere character, with the colourless life of the little community. The dress of the canons was white, that is, of undyed wool, and hence they were known as the "white monks." The Premonstratensian order, which already at this time had one house in Northumberland—Alnwick Abbey—was established by St. Norbert in the early part of the twelfth century, and derived its name from *Pré montré* or *Pratum monstratum*, the meadow pointed out to the founder in a dream as the site of his first monastery.

To provide for the temporal wants of these twelve canons established on his manor, the lord of Bolbec granted them "the lordship, demesnes, and advowson of the church of Blanchland, the appropriations and advowsons of the churches of Harelaw and Bywell, of Styford,

of Shotley, of Apperley, and of the church of Heddon-on-the-Wall dedicated to St. Andrew—the tithes of the village of Wulwardhope, and twelve fishes for their table out of his fishery at Styford in lieu of the tithe-fishes." The abbey was enriched with several benefactions by the powerful family of Neville, and in the reign of Edward I. had attained a position of some importance; for its abbot, in 1295, was one of the few ecclesiastics summoned to Parliament.

By 1327, the abbey had experienced the usual fate of religious houses in the North-Country—it was burnt by the Scots. A band of these marauders, numbering about twenty thousand, under the Earls of Moray and Douglas, had overrun the counties of Northumberland and Durham, wasting the country and seizing more cattle than they knew what to do with. Guided by the smoke from the burning villages, the young king, Edward III., with an army of 60,000 men, set off in pursuit of them, traversing the fells and morasses between the Wear and the Tyne. After being detained for a week on the banks of the South Tyne by continued rains, without forage or litter for their horses, or provisions for themselves, and so unprotected from the weather that their saddles and girths were all rotted with the rain, they resumed their march, and in four days received intelligence as to the whereabouts of the Scots. "As soon as the king heard the news," says Froissart, "he ordered his army to be prepared, and turned his horses to feed in the fields near to a monastery of white monks, which had been burnt, and

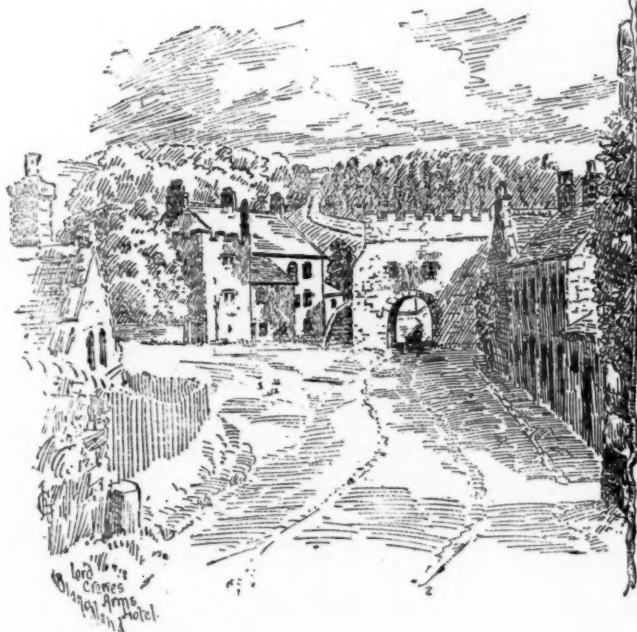
which was called, in King Arthur's time, Blanche Land. Then the king confessed himself, and each made his preparations according to his abilities. The king ordered plenty of masses to be said, to housel such as were devoutly inclined." Early the next morning, the English army, with trumpets sounding and banners flying, set out on its march to Stanhope, where the Scots were encamped, "each battalion marching by itself in regular array, over hill and dale, keeping their ranks according to order." Such a spectacle would long be remembered by the inhabitants of the lovely vale of Derwent.

An interesting story is told in connection with Blanchland, which may probably have reference to this inroad of Douglas. A party of Scots, on their way to despoil the abbey, were surprised by a mist and unable to discover the trackway to Blanchland. They wandered vainly for some time over the fells, and had come to the Dead Friar's Hill, on the Durham side of the Derwent, when they were gladdened by the sound of bells which the canons were ringing for joy at their supposed deliverance. Thus guided to the abbey, they broke through the gates, set fire to the buildings, and after slaughtering several of the brethren, rode off with much spoil. A similar story, however, is told of Brinkburn. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1883, page 71.)

At the dissolution of monasteries, the annual revenues of Blanchland were estimated at £44 9s. 1d. according to Speed, or £44 0s. 9d. according to Dugdale, a sum equal to at least twelve times that amount at the present day.

Henry VIII. granted the abbey lands, &c., to John Bellow and John Broxholme. They afterwards came into the possession of the Forsters, and were subsequently purchased by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who left them in trust for charitable purposes.

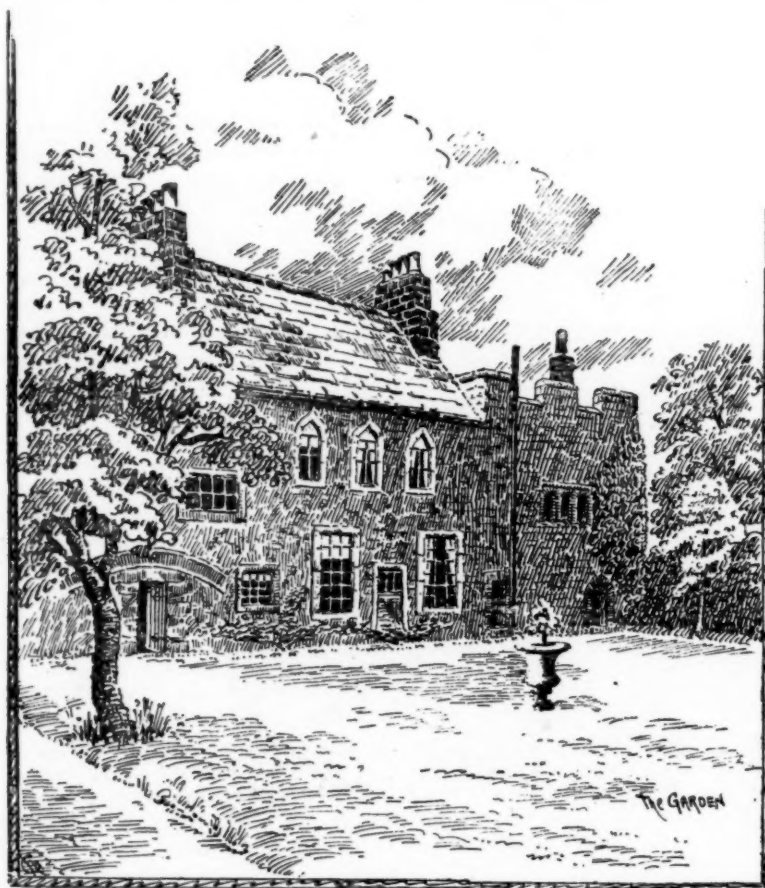
The village of Blanchland owes its existence to the abbey. Under the shelter of the precinct wall a number of cottages would spring up for the accommodation of the dependants and workpeople of the abbey. The presence of a monastic community in a district meant the cultivation of the land, the draining of the marshes, the building of bridges and mills, the formation of roads, and the development of many industries. Blanchland is a good example of a Border village, old-fashioned and substantial in appearance. The houses are of stone, and have evidently been built from the ruins of the monastic buildings, the plan of the village being practically that of the abbey. The quadrangular arrangement of the village gives to



it, as Mr. Walter Besant has well said, "the aspect of an ancient and decayed college." The popular writer just quoted, in his novel of "Dorothy Forster," has invested Blanchland with a fictitious interest. There is so much local colour and incident in the story as to almost give it an historical validity. The most prominent feature of the village (well represented in three of our sketches) is the massive gateway tower, which afforded entrance to the abbey grounds from the north. The monastic houses of Northumberland were nearly all protected by towers of this kind, as, for instance, Lindisfarne, Alnwick, Hulne, and Tynemouth. At the last-named place, we are told, Prior Richard de Tewing maintained in the fourteenth century as many as eighty armed men.

The remains of the abbey are, unfortunately, not very numerous, and are chiefly to be found in the church of St. Mary the Virgin. The history of the building seems to be this: It consisted at first of a nave and chancel, in the Early English style, simple and severe in character. Later on it was enlarged by the addition of a transept on

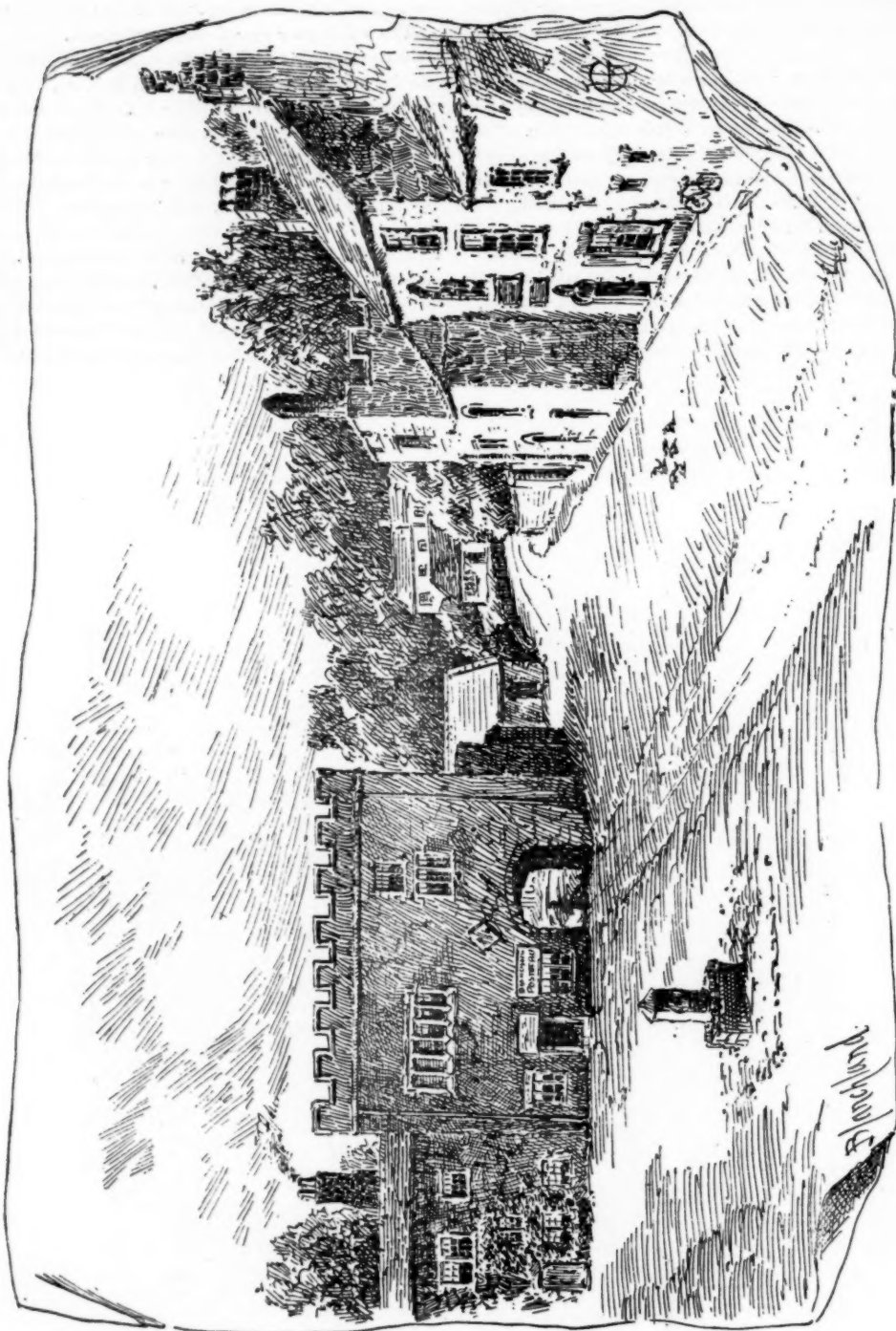
the north side and by a chantry on the east. Then the tower was built at the north end of the transept—a very unusual position. At some period or other the nave was destroyed. After the Dissolution, the abbey church became the parish church. It was restored in 1752 by Lord Crewe's trustees, and again in 1815. In 1844 a baptistery was added to the chancel on the site of the old chantry. The nave was never rebuilt, the west wall of the north transept being continued to the south wall of the chancel. The only portion of the original Early English building undisturbed is the north wall of the chancel. On the south side of the church were the cloisters, 75 feet square, and around them were ranged the domestic buildings in the following order:—The Chapter House and Dormitory on the east, the Refectory on the south, and the Kitchen and Prior's House on the west. The foundations of the Dormitory, still traceable under the turf, show that its dimensions were 42 feet by 30 feet. The view below represents the Kitchen and the Prior's House, now forming the Lord Crewe's Arms, which still retains its antique character, though altered to meet the re-

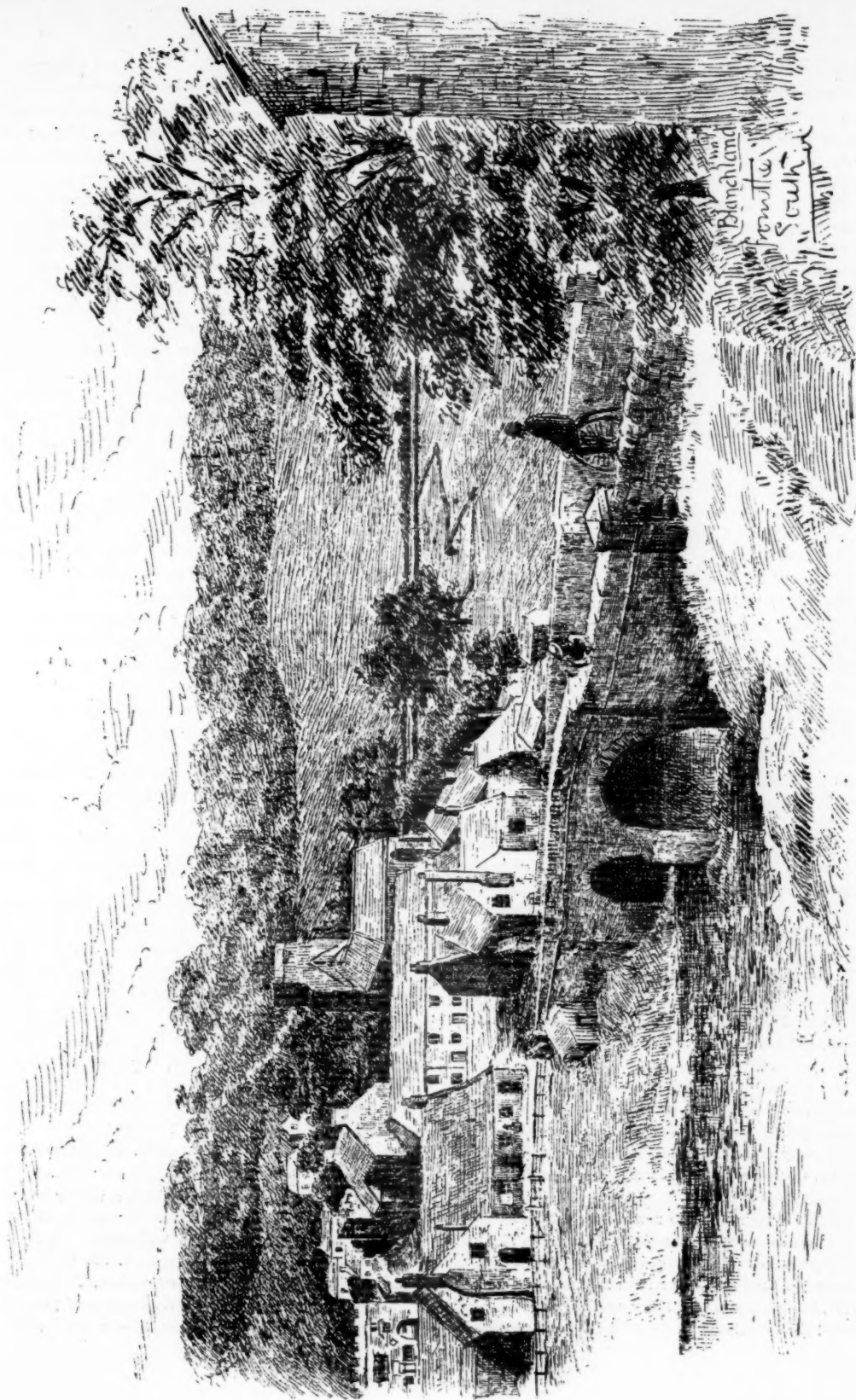


quirements of modern tourists. The Kitchen opened into the cloisters by a wide segmental arch and the Prior's House by a narrow pointed one, both of which are shown in the sketch, together with the greater portion of the quadrangle, at present a green lawn. In the basement of the Prior's House is a vaulted passage lighted by two windows. The masonry above it is of later date. The position, size, and height of the Refectory are represented by a building subdivided into cottages. (See sketch on page 504.) "Before the alterations of a few years back," wrote the Rev. W. Featherstonhaugh nearly a quarter of a century ago, "this building had an entrance from the adjoining Kitchen with a stone stair giving admission to what was once a long room above, lighted by six windows. It was at the time divided by partitions into rooms, to which access was gained by a passage running the entire

length," and he adds, "I have no doubt we have before us the shell of the Refectory." Built into the south wall of this building are several sculptured stones. There are still considerable remains of the south wall of the nave. At its west end is a lancet window, built up, with the corbel of the cloister roof close by. There are four interesting tomb slabs in the church. One bears carved upon it a beautiful cross with a crozier and chalice; another a pastoral staff; a third a bow, arrow, sword, and hunting-horn, with the name Robertus Egylston; a fourth, similar emblems to the third, with the initials T. E. The two first commemorate abbots, the two last foresters of the abbey. A few fragments of painted glass remain in the church and prior's house. The old churchyard cross is still standing on the left-hand side of the church walk, its base nearly buried in







the earth. The fishponds of the abbey were situated in the plantation to the east of the Shildon Burn, and a little further up the same streamlet stood the abbey mill.

The remains of the abbey are but few, as we have said; yet they possess for us a pathetically human interest, conjuring up to our imaginations the white-clad ascetics who, despite their mistaken conceptions of life and inevitable shortcomings, endeavoured, not vainly, to subordinate their desires to a spiritual ideal.

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

Men of Mark Twiſt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford.

John Clark, M.D.,

FOUNDER OF NEWCASTLE DISPENSARY.

IN the year 1775, when Newcastle had but recently lost the services of Dr. Adam Askew (see vol. i., p. 452), there came hither from the Borderland a young doctor named John Clark. He was the eldest son of a farmer at Graden, Roxburghshire, and was born there in May, 1744. He received his education at Kelso, where his studious disposition so decidedly seemed to point to the ministry as his future calling that his parents entered him at Edinburgh University to qualify for holy orders. There, like Mark Akenside, he evinced a strong preference for the study of medicine, and, being allowed to gratify his inclinations, he passed his examination and in due time made his entrance into the profession as surgeon's mate of an East Indiaman—the Talbot, Captain Sir Charles Hudson, Bart. In that position he remained four years (1768-72), acquiring experience in Indian and Chinese waters, and making notes of atmospheric changes and the influence of climate in health and disease. The result of his studies was given to the profession in a book, published in 1773, entitled "Observations on the Diseases which prevail in Long Voyages to Hot Climates"—a work which procured for him the approbation of the faculty, and a gratuity of a hundred guineas from the East India Company. Obtaining a diploma from the University of St. Andrews, he settled as a physician at Kelso, where he practised for a couple of years, and then came to Newcastle.

In his daily rounds the new doctor saw the hardships arising from the want of medicine and advice which indigent persons endured whose cases excluded them from the benefits of the Infirmary; and in the beginning of April, 1777, in conjunction with Mr. Anderson, surgeon, he proposed the establishment of a Dispensary. At a meeting

of the governors of the Infirmary in September following, the scheme was approved, and a few days later, in an entry at the foot of the Side, Newcastle Dispensary was opened.

For many years the success of the Dispensary depended chiefly on Dr. Clark's exertions, and the annual reports of the institution were invariably from his pen. His leisure he devoted to study; and taking up the subject of febrile disease, of which he had had much experience during his voyages, and afterwards among the Newcastle poor, he issued in 1780 a book entitled "Observations on Fevers." Three years later he published a posthumous tract, by Dr. Dugald Leslie, on a contagious catarrh which had raged during the preceding summer, and (having been in the meantime elected a physician to the Infirmary) he issued, in 1792, a revised edition of his book on the diseases of hot climates, to which he added his work on fevers.

Next to the management of the Dispensary, the successful working of the Infirmary was an object of Dr. Clark's concern. By disuse and lapse of time, some of the statutes of that noble institution had become unsuitable and ineffective. A report upon the defects of the charity was presented to the governors by the doctor in November, 1800, and he followed up the report by sending to every subscriber "The Result of an Inquiry into the State of Various Infirmarys; a Comparative View of the Success of the Practice in the Improved and in the Old Infirmarys; and a Proposal for the Improvement and Extension of the Infirmary at Newcastle." The doctor's reforming zeal met with proper appreciation. A committee of governors was appointed to carry out his views, a subscription was opened to provide the funds, in due time the building was enlarged, and the new arrangements and regulations he had suggested were put into active operation.

The extended building contained wards for the treatment of contagious fevers, and when they were completed Dr. Clark proposed the formation of a Board of Health to carry rules of prevention into the homes of the poor, as well as to support fever patients received into the institution. A committee was formed in January, 1802, for this purpose, but a difference of opinion prevailed amongst the Infirmary doctors as to the safety of admitting fever cases at all, and a prolonged controversy ensued. In the end the dissentients were victorious, and a separate establishment, known in after years as the Fever Hospital, or House of Recovery, was erected in the Warden's Close, now Bath Lane.

From boyhood Dr. Clark had been a martyr to disorders in the organs of digestion. The worry of controversy and the fatigue of a wide-spreading practice increased the frequency and augmented the violence of his attacks. With his friend and patient, Archdeacon Paley—who was completing, in the intervals of pain, his famous work on "Natural Theology"—he went to Bux-

ton to try the effect of the waters, but returned to Newcastle with little hope of improvement. At the end of January, 1805, he tried the waters of Cheltenham, and, experiencing no benefit, removed to Bath, where he expired on the 19th of April. His remains were interred, at his own request, beside the grave of another of his friends, Thomas Charles Bigge, of Benton, in the churchyard of Weston, near the city in which he died.

Joseph Clark,

PREACHER, EDITOR, AND MUNICIPAL REFORMER.

At the close of last century the civic rulers of Newcastle had fallen into a state of lethargy and indifference. The town's money was wasted, satisfactory accounts of income and expenditure could not be obtained, and nobody seemed to be responsible. The hour had come for a thorough overhaul of corporate works and ways, and with the hour came the man. Him the burgesses found in the person of Joseph Clark, a tradesman of only moderate means, but gifted beyond his neighbours with the power of fluent speech and the ability to wield a



Joseph Clark.

trenchant pen. Encouraged by good men and true within the select circle of the Common Council itself, and strengthened by the support of his fellow-townsmen without, he led a spirited movement against municipal obstruction and mismanagement, and eventually he led it to victory. For some years after the present century came in, Joseph Clark was the idol of his fellow-freemen, and one of the most popular men in the town.

There is not much to tell about the early history of

this earnest local reformer. He was born in Newcastle on the 25th February, 1770, and, losing both his parents soon afterwards, was brought up in steady ways and sober habits by his eldest sister. At an early age, having heard the Rev. John Wesley preach, he left the Presbyterian Church, to which his family belonged, and joined the Methodist community at the Orphan House. There it was discovered that he possessed unusual gifts of speech, and means were found for turning them to good account. Although only seventeen, he was allowed to officiate as a local preacher. It is said that at the house of Matthew Hindmarsh, plane-maker, whose eldest daughter, Hannah, he was courting, he had opportunities of meeting Mr. Wesley, and that the founder of Methodism was pleased to commend his abilities and encourage him to persevere. Thus fortified and sustained, he went from village to village, preaching and evangelising, and meeting with success beyond his most sanguine expectations. Hundreds of persons, who could not otherwise be persuaded to listen to a Methodist, went to hear "The Lad," as he was called, and among those who came to scoff a goodly number remained to pray. So he continued until the expulsion of the Rev. Alexander Kilham from the Methodist pulpit led him to review his position. Sympathising with Mr. Kilham, he seceded from the parent denomination, assisted in organising the "Methodist New Connexion," and to that body transferred his services as a local preacher and class-leader.

At this juncture Hannah Hindmarsh died, and Mr. Clark, making his first appearance in print, contributed to the opening volume of the *New Connexion Magazine* a loving tribute to her memory. In accordance with her dying wish, he was united, on Christmas Day, 1799, to Elizabeth Hindmarsh, her only surviving sister. Up to the time of his marriage, his work had been chiefly religious and denominational. He had published, in the early part of that year, a 12mo. tract of 28 pages, entitled "A Plain and Familiar Catechism, Designed for the Use of Children belonging to Bethel Chapel, Newcastle, to which are added Directions for Closing Sincerely with Christ, &c., &c.," with a note intimating that "This book is not sold, but given away." But with marriage came the responsibilities of a householder, and the natural interest of a ratepayer in municipal affairs. One day in 1806, while on a mission of mercy to an aged inmate of the Jesus Hospital, he was told that another inmate had died of starvation, and upon inquiry found the story true. While the Corporation were feasting sumptuously, the poor hospital freemen and their widows were famishing in wretched apartments on £6 a-year—equal, after making necessary deductions, to about three-pence a-day! Mr. Clark went personally to the Common Council, and, inducing the Mayor and aldermen to visit these poor people, succeeded in improving their surroundings, though he obtained no increase in their income. To stimulate public interest in the matter, he investigated

the origin of the hospital, published a succinct history of the foundation and its endowments, and, after much delay and many rebuffs, shamed the Corporation into giving the inmates a better allowance.

The trouble which Mr. Clark experienced in this work of charity, and the investigations which he was led to make in the prosecution of his design, gradually led him to the forefront of a movement for effecting still greater improvements in local administration. The energy and persistence with which he had advocated reforms in hospital management brought around him municipal reformers of wider aims who had been waiting for a leader. With their advice and assistance he issued, in 1808, "The Newcastle Freeman's Pocket Companion, containing a Copious View of the Charters granted to the Town and County of the Town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; including a Particular Account of the Customs and Privileges peculiar to the Free Burgesses of the said Town." Still further to stimulate the good work he had taken in hand, he printed, in May following, "A Friendly Address to the Free Burgesses and other inhabitants of Newcastle." One of his proposals aimed at securing the appointment of honest and fearless auditors, and the incorporated companies, in electing those officers for the year 1809, took care to appoint only such men as were willing to carry out his advice. The dummies of previous years, who signed whatsoever was put before them, were replaced by Sir Outhbert Heron, Mr. Clark himself, and eighteen others, most of whom were pledged to fulfil their oaths, and demand bills, receipts, and vouchers for every item of corporate income and expenditure. Into the details of the struggle that followed between the auditors and the Corporation it is unnecessary to enter. They may be read in the published report of the proceedings, written by Mr. Clark, or condensed in Mackenzie's "History."

Mr. Clark was now one of the most honoured men in Newcastle. The stewards of the Incorporated Companies opened a subscription to present him with an appropriate testimonial of the high sense which they entertained of his services, and in the evening of the 13th December, 1809, he was the recipient of a massive silver cup and a service of plate.

During the following year, fresh discussions arose respecting a proposed bill for the improvement of the Town Moor, and Mr. Clark's services being again requisitioned he led an agitation against the measure, secured its defeat, and wrote a pamphlet embodying the Act of 1774, "with a Full and Interesting Detail of the Public and Private Proceedings for obtaining a New Act."

The succeeding three years passed over in comparative quietude. In the interval Mr. Clark published "A Report of the Herbage Committee, and a statement of the Corporation and Stewards' Accounts for the year ending Michaelmas, 1812," and worked out a benevolent scheme to erect another home for aged freemen and their

widows in the western part of the town. This latter proposal was approved by the Corporation, and on the 10th of May, 1814, the day set apart for public rejoicings over the cessation of war in Europe, he took a leading part in laying the foundation stone of the new building. Congratulating the assembled Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses upon the happy issue of their late dissensions, he preferred a request that the edifice might be named "The Peace and Unity Hospital; Peace as commemorative of the repose then effected for Europe after a war of twenty years' continuance; Unity as commemorative of the unanimity with which, as a body, they had entered upon the work." This request, adds the reporter, was loudly cheered and readily adopted. Under the name of "The Peace and Unity Hospital" the building was opened, and by that name it continued to be known until it had served its purpose and was absorbed into the Westgate Police Station.

During all this municipal warfare Mr. Clark had kept up his religious ministrations, and associated himself to a moderate extent with political movements. A few days before the stone-laying ceremony he was the chief speaker at a great meeting in Newcastle, convened by the Mayor, to petition against a proposed increase of the duty upon foreign grain. A few weeks later he published a controversial tract entitled "Methodistical Inconsistency Exposed in a Letter addressed to Abraham E. Farrar, Preacher in the Old Connexion of Methodists, being a Refutation of his Aspersions on the late Rev. A. Kilham, an Exposure of his False Insinuations and Mis-statements on the subject of Methodist Preachers' Salaries, &c., &c." His bookshop in Newgate Street, with its invoice-head view of the premises, engraved by Thomas Bewick, was a rendezvous for local reformers, and a centre of religious, municipal, and political propaganda. It became, in 1816, the depository of the "Sunday School Union of Newcastle," formed that year by George Fife Angas and his co-workers. From his printing office adjoining was issued in 1817 an enlarged edition of the "Freeman's Pocket Companion," with the added title of "The Newcastle Remembrancer." There, also, the following year, Mr. Clark started the *Northumberland and Newcastle Monthly Magazine*, a publication which, under his editorship, ran into two volumes, and was withdrawn because, by a new Act of Parliament (60 Geo. III., cap. 9), periodicals containing matter relating to Church or State were rendered liable to newspaper stamp duty. In 1823, when laid aside by illness, he published "Five Discourses on Practical and Important Subjects," a book commended by a writer in the *New Connexion Magazine* for its "early Methodist style" and general usefulness. During the next twelve or thirteen years he preached but seldom, and wrote less. At the end of that period he retired from business, and, purchasing a house at the top of Arthur's Hill, passed his remaining days in peace and quietness. In this calm retreat he lived to the great age

of eighty-one years, and, dying on the 17th January, 1851, was buried in the adjoining cemetery.

By his marriage with Elizabeth Hindmarsh, who survived him, Mr. Clark had nine children. One of them, Mr. George Noble Clark, surgeon, inheriting no small share of his father's vigorous intellect, and more than even his father's longevity, is still amongst us, bearing with serenity and cheerfulness the burden of eighty-five years spent for the most part in the service of his fellow-townsmen. To his courtesy we are indebted for the portrait which illustrates this sketch, copied from a painting by Ramsay.

Sir John Clavering,

A NORTHUMBRIAN ROYALIST.

At the beginning of the troubles with Scotland which produced the Civil War and sent Charles I. to the scaffold, the ancient house of Clavering of Callaly, in North Northumberland, was represented by Sir John Clavering, Knight. He was a bold, high-spirited, and courageous man, a loyal and devout servant of the king, a worthy descendant of illustrious ancestors who had come over to England under the banner of the Conqueror, fought their way into the favour of successive Norman and Plantagenet monarchs, and founded noble and gentle families over half the kingdom.

Sir John Clavering was one of the Commissioners of Array for the Northern Counties, and when, in the spring of 1640, the Scots threatened to enter England and seek redress of grievances by force of arms, he set himself the task of keeping watch over their movements. The English military authorities did not think that danger was impending. They ridiculed the idea of the Scots marching across the Border into Northumberland, and their defensive movements were in consequence halting and dilatory. Sir John Clavering did not share their opinions. He was one of the few North-Country gentry who believed that threats to invade England were not mere "Scotch brag." To Lord Conway, who was entrusted with the defence of Newcastle, he had sent several warnings that the Scots were preparing in earnest, resolved upon a southward march if their demands were not conceded. Conway, however, remained sceptical, and took little heed of Sir John's forebodings. To him, and those who surrounded him, the thing was incredible.

On the 15th August, the news which Sir John sent to Conway was serious. He wrote that his son, "more forward than wise," had ventured into the Scottish camp at Chousley Wood, seen nine regiments on the ground, and heard that eight more were expected, found that they had 10,000 sheep, 500 cattle, and a fortnight's store of other provisions, and learned that every half-dozen soldiers would be provided with a canvas tent, "a free gift of their dear sisters of Edinburgh," so that they would spoil no hedge or grove in England. The next

day, Sir John reported that some Scotch Covenanters, farming ground on this side the Border, were driving all their goods into Scotland, and that he had sent some of his own people to watch the approach of the invaders, in order that timely notice might be given to "Gateshead beacon." There could no longer be any doubt that the Scots were in earnest. Not more than a couple of days passed, and that which Conway had doubted and derided actually occurred. The Covenanters crossed the Tweed. Here they were in Northumberland; "a world of men," as Sir John had described them, "but so careful not to harm that they have been ordered by strict proclamation, on pain of death, not to disturb man, woman, or child, nor to take the worth of a chicken, or pot of ale, without paying for it." "The Highlanders," he added, "have bows and arrows; some swords, some none; the nakedest fellows that ever I saw. They say they are 35,000 strong at least; but this I can assure you, that when the first of the troops were in Millfield the rest were not come from Cornhill, which is six miles off—five men deep in every rank of the foot." On the morning of the 25th of August Sir John's son, both forward and wise on this occasion, was writing to Conway that 400 horsemen had come to Whittingham and bespoken breakfast, "behaving very civilly, calling for nothing without payment," and in their march "singing psalms all the way." By the 29th, Sir John Clavering's warnings had been verified—the Scots were in possession of Newcastle, and Conway was flying away to Darlington.

In the stormy years which followed, Sir John Clavering continued faithful to the traditions of his family. He took up the Royal cause warmly, and three of his sons—Robert, Ralph, and Thomas—followed his example. Taken prisoner at the latter end of 1644, he was kept in confinement, first at Yarmouth, then at Norwich, and lastly in London, where, towards the close of 1647, having been "barbarously used in many prisons and common gaols," he died. His three fighting sons also were unfortunate. The heir, Sir Robert Clavering, died of a fever while serving in the Royal army; Ralph and Thomas, making good their escape from the defeat at Preston, fled beyond the seas, and remained exiles during the greater part of the Protectorate.

Restored to their own again, the direct descendants of Sir John Clavering lived at Callaly down to a recent period. Although sympathisers with the Jacobite movements in 1715, they preserved their estates unharmed. In other respects their lives were uneventful; they produced no more men of mark for the service of king and country.

James Clavering,

ALDERMAN AND MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

Robert Clavering of Callaly, grandfather of Sir John Clavering, the Royalist, had four sons, the youngest of whom, named James, came to Newcastle, served his time

to a merchant, and entered into business. He married in January, 1588-9, during his father's Mayoralty, Grace, daughter of Alderman Roger Nicholson, and thus became related to four notable local families—Nicholsons, Andersons, Chapmans, and Mitfords. Under the influence of these relationships, he was drawn into public life. At Michaelmas, 1599, he was elected to the Shrievalty of Newcastle; at the same period in 1607, and again in 1618, he was elevated to the higher position of Mayor; during both Mayoralties he was honoured by the Merchants' and Hostmen's Companies, the two most wealthy and powerful guilds upon Tyneside, with the office of Governor. In all the local movements of his time he took a leading part. When the charitable foundations of the town had fallen into decay he was one of the notables to whom was entrusted the task of placing them upon a sound and useful footing. When King James I. granted to the Corporation of Newcastle the conservancy of the Tyne, he was one of the aldermen appointed to devise means for the better regulation and improvement of the navigation, and to see that articles sanctioned by the Privy Council for the preservation of the river were faithfully observed. His town residence was in the Close, and there, surrounded by other local magnates, whose gardens and orchards sloped upwards towards the Castle on the one side, or flanked the clear waters of the Tyne on the other, he dispensed the hospitalities incident to his position and his time. There he brought up his family—among them John, founder of the Axwell Claverings, Sheriff of Newcastle during his father's Mayoralty, and Mayor himself in 1629-30; Grace, who married Roger Liddell, of Darwencrook, near Ravensworth; and Mary, afterwards wife of Thomas Butler, whose daughter, Mary Butler, married Ambrose Barnes. And there, also, at the end of April, 1650, it may be supposed, he died. For in that year, when his son John was filling the office of Mayor, and Dr. Jackson, the most celebrated of Newcastle's many vicars, was preparing to resign his living, the register of St. Nicholas' Church contains an entry of his burial:—"May 2, Mr. James Clavering, alderman, buried."

Alderman Clavering's descendants include three or four notable men. His grandson, named after him, James Clavering, was elected M.P. for the county of Durham in the Parliament of 1656-57, received a baronetcy from Charles II. in 1661, became Mayor of Newcastle at Michaelmas, 1663, Governor of the Hostmen's Company the year following, and was High Sheriff of Durham in 1673. "Mr. Barnes would pleasantly tell, yet with a mournful sort of pity," writes the biographer of Ambrose Barnes, "how, speaking one day seriously and closely to Sir James Clavering concerning a life to come, and what a call old age is to prepare for it: 'Ay, cousin Barnes,' says Sir J., 'you say true; I hope I shall be saved, for I never make visits on Sundayes, but keep within doors, and read Dugdale's Baronage of England!'"

A later descendant, Sir Thomas Clavering, the seventh baronet, who married a daughter of Joshua Douglas, Town Clerk of Newcastle, and gave his name to Clavering Place, was chosen M.P. for Shaftesbury in 1754, and for the county of Durham in 1768, 1774, 1780, and 1784. His brother John, entering the army, rose to the distinguished position of Lieutenant-General Sir John Clavering, K.B., and having married a daughter of Earl Delawarr, became the father of Charles John Clavering, Sheriff of Newcastle in 1790, High Sheriff of Durham from 1829 to 1833—a man of high culture and of great taste and discrimination in the fine arts.

The Streets of Newcastle.

Neville Street and Scotswood Road.

WE propose now to set forward towards Scotswood Road from the well-known corner where Grainger Street ends by joining Neville Street. For otherwise we should slight our famous Central Railway Station sadly; and that would never do.

It was in the year 1847 that the need of a new and central railway station, commensurate with the growing requirements of the town and neighbourhood, was felt to be imperative. Accordingly, on the 13th of September in that year, building operations were commenced, which continued for nearly three years. At last, August 29th, 1850, Queen Victoria came to Newcastle to open the new station. Her Majesty was received in all form by the corporate authorities, and by a detachment of the 33rd Regiment, then stationed at the barracks. There were also present Earl Grey, as Lord-Lieutenant of Northumberland; Sir Walter Trevelyan as High Sheriff; and many other dignitaries of the district. The Royal party consisted of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Alice. An elegant luncheon was prepared for the visitors; corporate addresses were presented; and there was much firing of cannon and so forth. It need not be added that the streets were thronged. The visit, however, was a very brief one, lasting twenty minutes only, after which Royalty proceeded northward.

As to the station itself, it is of the Romano-Italian style of architecture, with ornamental work of the Doric order. Its principal front is about six hundred feet long, and the station occupies altogether an area of about three acres. It was built by the York, Newcastle, and Berwick, and the Newcastle and Carlisle Companies, jointly, at an original cost of about £90,000. Of course, alterations and repairs, &c., must have since added considerably to that sum. The architect was Mr. John

Dobson, whose skill and genius were never better shown than in the beautiful curved roof of the building.

In 1850, on the 30th of June, and, therefore, prior to the formal opening, the station was *en fete*, on the occasion of a banquet given within its precincts to Robert Stephenson. In addition to the conventional adornments of banners, devices, and the like, it was appropriately bedecked with handsome views of the Menai Tubular Bridge, the Berwick Viaduct, and the High Level Bridge, in honour of the celebrated engineer whose name will ever be associated with these great works. The Hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P., was in the chair on this occasion, in graceful recognition of the helpful hand held out to George Stephenson in his early struggles upward; the vice-chairs were occupied by the Mayors of Newcastle and Gateshead (Messrs. Crawhall and Hawks); and about four hundred persons sat down to dinner.

Across the road from the station stood the Railway Arcade public-house (so called from a covered archway of glass which gave communication into Westgate Road). In 1855 it was kept by one Beardsmore. On the 22nd of December, in that year, about four in the morning, P.C. Ellison, being on duty close at hand, heard cries of "Murder! murder!" in a female voice. They proceeded from the back premises of this public-house. Ellison hastened thither and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened to him by the landlord. On entering the premises, the policeman found Mrs. Beardsmore lying in the passage, bleeding; and he ascertained that she had sustained some severe wounds on the head. After seeing to the removal of the woman for surgical treatment, he apprehended her husband on the charge of having thrown her out of an upstairs window. This charge, on the death of his wife a few days later, was altered to one of manslaughter, on which Beardsmore was, in due time, put upon his trial before Mr. Baron Martin. It was conclusively proved that both husband and wife were dissipated characters; it was also shown that on this fatal night they had had a serious quarrel; and, accordingly, Beardsmore got off with a sentence of six months' hard labour. This is the only tragedy associated with the name of Neville Street—a name which was given to it in remembrance of the Earls of Westmoreland, who had their town house on the site of the Literary and Philosophical Institution. The thoroughfare was opened so recently as the year 1835, being then formed to advance the interests of the new Cattle Market, of which we must now say something. We pass on the way to the Cattle Market St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is adorned with a lovely spire, designed, by Messrs. Dunn and Hanson, though the main building was designed by the celebrated Pugin.

There are veterans amongst us who can remember the time when Newcastle butchers had to travel to Morpeth on its market day to make their bargains. This arrangement no doubt suited the graziers and farmers of the

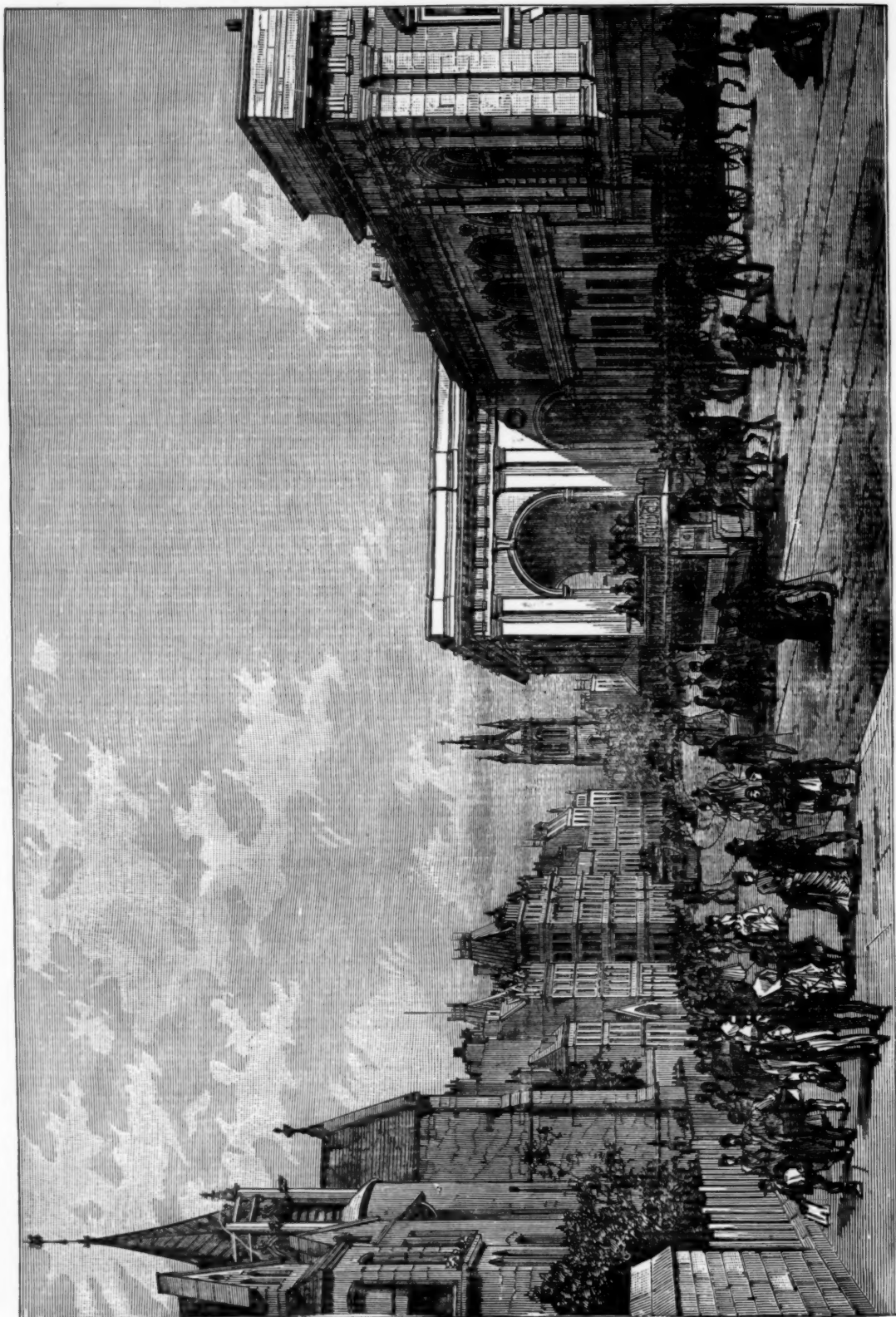
district of which Morpeth is the centre well enough, but it was found an irksome one by their Newcastle customers. There was the coach fare to pay. There was the man or boy—sometimes both—to think about. These had to make the journey on foot the night before, and usually broke their fourteen miles' walk at some convenient spot on the roadside, where they slept in the open air. Moreover, the road was not a particularly safe one. For these reasons a beginning was made, in a small way, with a cattle market at Newcastle about the year 1830 or 1831. For a long time the ground between the Infirmary and Marlborough Crescent proved sufficient for all the purposes of the market. Then new pens were erected for large cattle to the westward of the Infirmary.

The Infirmary was in the first instance the result of a kindly thought on the part of some members of a convivial society which was about to break up in 1751, who desired to leave behind them a charitable memento of their merry meetings for the benefit of posterity. Amongst them was Joseph Airey, George Headlam, Ralph Headlam, Richard Burdus, and Richard Lambert, a young surgeon. The latter is supposed to have been the author of a letter inserted in the Newcastle papers in advocacy of the project, signed B. K. In remembrance of this letter, one of the wards of the Infirmary is still called B. K. A house in Gallowgate was secured, to begin with, as a temporary hospital. Soon another house was needed, and secured. Subscriptions for a permanent building flowed in freely, amongst them being a shilling found in the poor's box, wrapped up in a paper containing these lines:—

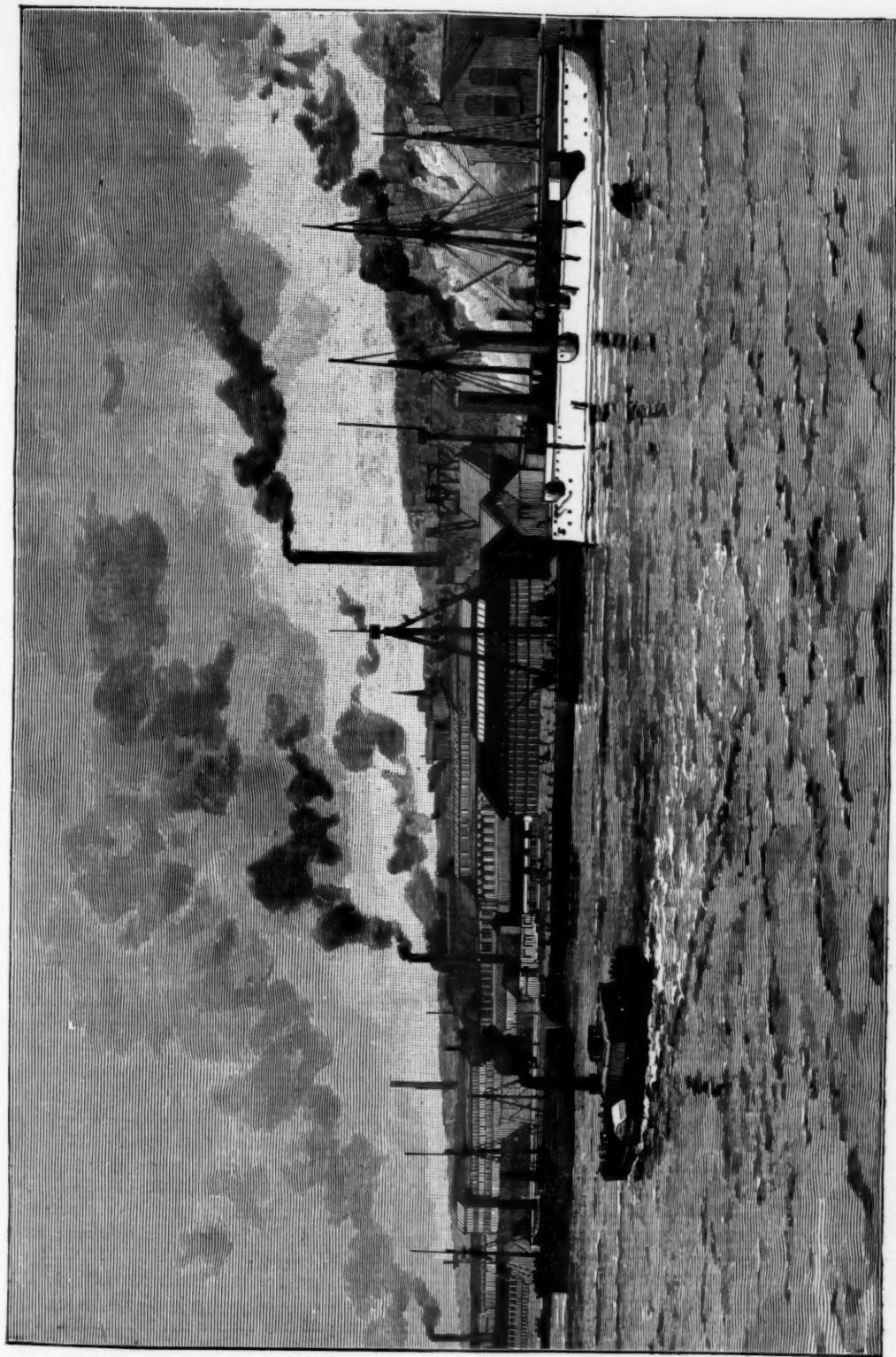
To serve the needy, sick, and lame,
This splendid shilling freely came,
From one who knows the want of wealth,
And, what is more, the want of health.
Beneath this roof may thousands find
The greatest blessing of mankind;
And hence may millions learn to know
That to do good's our end below;
That vice and folly must decay
Ere we can reach eternal day.

The famous Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham, laid the foundation stone of the present structure in September, 1751, and it was ready for patients thirteen months later. An addition was made to it in 1801-2. The hundredth anniversary was celebrated in 1851, when a further enlargement was made. Since that time still other additions have been carried out.

Some eminent physicians have been connected with the Infirmary at various times, as, for instance, John Clark, "the greatest benefactor of the afflicted poor that ever appeared in Newcastle." (see page 506); Adam Askew, ancestor of the Askews of Pallinsburn; John Rotherham, author of "A Philosophical Essay on Water"; and Edward Kentish, a clever man with some odd opinions, as when he argued that the French Revolution was "a moral and political epidemic," to be cured by "a cooling regimen and free ventilation." The institution has had some remarkable patients too, but we have only space for



THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.



ELSWICK WORKS, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1889.

one, to wit, "Radical Jack," who died here in 1848, at the age of 54. His real name was John Dennis, and he gained his living by hawking cheap periodicals, though he was said to have received an excellent University education. He was certainly a man of ready wit and great command of language, but—ah, that fatal but!—"for years he was hardly ever sober."

We have not forgotten that in going from Neville Street to the Cattle Market we have passed the site where once stood the celebrated Forth House. But the ancient Forth, completely transformed in its character and surroundings within living memory, has been described in a previous volume. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, page 167.)

Scotswood Road, which begins beyond the Cattle Market, was only commenced in the summer of 1834. It has been growing ever since, and is now a long thoroughfare of shops and public-houses. The streets which run off from Scotswood Road are, in their names, suggestive of the rural character of this neighbourhood up to a recent time. Amongst them we have, for instance, Pine, Laurel, Sycamore, and Maple Streets. As we progress onwards, we come to the famous Elswick Ordnance Works of the great firm of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., which are amongst the industrial glories of their time, and give employment to thousands of artisans in their various departments.

In August, 1846, a thunderstorm did considerable damage in Scotswood. A row of houses called Greenhow's Terrace, fell to the ground, and fifteen persons were also struck down. Some of these were dreadfully scorched, but they all eventually recovered.

In the next year, in the month of April, a young man made his appearance at the house known as the Ord Arms, Scotswood, then kept by one John Cox. He took lodgings here, stating that he had come to Newcastle to be trained by Harry Clasper for a skiff race to be rowed shortly at Manchester. The young man's name was John Bourne, and he was respectably connected. To a Scotswood publican of that day, the thought of having for lodger an oarsman training under the redoubtable Harry was a pretty considerable bait. Cox swallowed it; and at night lodged the new comer in his own bedroom. Behold! in the morning the lodger had vanished, and with him £200 had gone also, as a chest of drawers broken open too surely testified. The thief, captured at Normanton railway station with all the money upon him, was transported for ten years.

Scotswood Road has its tragedy, young as it is. On October 22nd, 1854, the bodies of two young women, decently dressed, were found drowned in the Tyne. They turned out to be those of Ellen and Isabella Robinson, fifteen and thirteen years old respectively, daughters of Ezekiel Robinson, who lived in Dpke Street. How came they in the river? Well, there had been a slight family quarrel, which induced Ellen to rush from the house at

midnight. Isabella followed her. Ellen, who was of a very passionate temper, jumped into the water. Isabella followed, hoping to save her, and both were drowned.

The House Martin and the Sand Martin.



HE House Martin (*Hirundo urbana*) is described by Mr. Hancock as "a common spring and autumn migrant, arriving and departing with the swallow." It often builds its neatly-constructed nest in the corners of high windows, as well as under the eaves of houses, where its pleasant twitterings may be heard all day long during nesting time.

The martin usually rears two broods in the year, and



sometimes a third. Occasionally, when the time for migration arrives, the last broods are left to perish by the parents, so strong is their migratory instinct. Gilbert White remarks that the same nest is resorted to from year to year. The rough exterior of the clay-built nest under the eaves is familiar to most people.

The male is about five inches and a quarter in length. The bill is short and black; iris, brown; head, neck, and nape, glossy black, which glistens in the sunlight; chin and breast white. The female resembles the male, but is not so brightly coloured.

The Sand Martin, or Bank Martin (*Hirundo riparia*), generally makes its appearance in this country before its relatives the chimney swallow and house martin. It is

generally found nesting in sandbanks and quarries in the neighbourhood of water. The sand martin differs from the swallow and house martin, owing to its lesser size and brown and white plumage, though in its flight it has the characteristics of the other members of the family. In the Northern Counties, as Mr. Hancock remarks, it "breeds wherever there is a sandy declivity."

"The sand martin," says Mr. Broderip, in his "Zoological Recreations," "is a miner, and excavates his dwelling in the sandbank, as the ancient Egyptian carved his temple out of the solid rock. Look at the bill of this



little bird. Though small, it is hard and sharp; and well our sapper knows how to use it! Clinging to the face of the sandbank with its sharp little claws, and closing its bill, the bird works away with its natural pickaxe, till hardened sand comes tumbling down on all sides. Round he goes, now with his head up, now down, till he has planned his circular cave as regularly almost as compasses could do it, and yet he does not turn it out from a fixed point in the centre, but works from the circumference. When he has well-broken the ground, he tunnels away as truly as an engineer; and while the bird works into his excavation, he shifts his position as the necessities of the case require; now he stands on the floor, now he clings to the roof with his back downwards; and how carefully does he remove the rubbish from the upward inclined floor with his feet, taking care not to disturb its solidity."

The length of the male is about four inches and three-quarters; bill nearly black, and very short; head, crown, neck, and nape light brown; chin, throat, and breast white, the latter having a band of light brown, with a few spots of the same below it, across its upper part, and light brown also on the sides; back, light brown. The wings reach beyond the end of the tail, and expand to a width of one foot.

The British Association in Newcastle.

WHEN it was made known that the British Association would visit Newcastle in 1889, preparations upon an extensive scale were commenced by the local committee.

Accordingly, everything was in order when the scientists assembled in their hundreds in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, September 11th, to listen to the inaugural address of Professor W. H. Flower, Director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum, who succeeded Sir Frederick J. Bramwell in the presidential chair. The association had previously visited Newcastle in 1838, when the Duke of Northumberland was president, and again in 1863, when Lord Armstrong (then Sir William Armstrong) had that honour conferred upon him.

Incidentally we may mention that it was at the meeting in 1838 when the announcement was made that the *Sirius* had arrived in Liverpool after performing the then unprecedented feat of crossing and recrossing the Atlantic by steam. The subject of ocean steam navigation was first broached at the Bristol meeting of the British Association, whereat Dr. Lardner remarked that "it was a great experiment which had not yet been attended with any satisfactory result." Speaking in the Mechanical Science Section at Newcastle in 1838, he controverted a garbled version of his words which had been put into circulation. Whatever he did say on that occasion, he stated, had been very much perverted. Unquestionably he did express a discouraging or unfavourable view as far as regarded the probability of ever maintaining an unbroken intercourse by means of steam navigation between Great Britain and New York. Soon after the Bristol meeting, he continued, an article appeared in a quarterly periodical on "Steam Navigation," which article contained a tolerably fair statement of what he had expressed; and so far as that article might have been termed erroneous, he did most willingly acknowledge his error. He had been charged with declaring that the transit by steam navigation between Great Britain and New York was a physical impossibility. He never had given expression to such a statement, or anything equivalent to it; and any person who looked at the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, the periodical to which he alluded, would see that he did not make such a statement, but one very different. It is not too late, we think, to correct the misrepresentation under which the memory of Dr. Lardner has suffered.

Sir William Armstrong delivered in the Town Hall in 1863, before an audience of 3,000 people, an address of an eminently practical character. Indeed, it was described at the time as the first address since Prince

Albert's which had recognised the importance of conveying scientific truths in an intelligible manner to the general public. Sir William dealt with the question of the duration of our coalfields, and the future supply of fuel and motive power.

Lord Armstrong was present to hear the inaugural address of Professor Flower this year, accompanied by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. T. Richardson), the Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. William Sutton), Sir John Lubbock, Sir F. J. Bramwell, Mr. John Morley, M.P., and a large number of other persons of note. Professor Flower gave an interesting exposition of the

the rate of progress of the metallurgy of iron with and without the aid which chemistry was capable of affording. In the Geological Section, Professor James Geikie, LL.D., discoursed upon continental investigation in the domain of glacial geology. Owing to the absence of Professor J. S. Burdon Sanderson—brother of the late Richard Burdon Sanderson, a former Mayor of Newcastle—the Rev. Canon Tristram read the professor's address in the Biological Section, which



PROFESSOR W. H. FLOWER.

educational influence of museums, and impressed upon his audience the importance of classification by competent men, so that students might without difficulty find the subjects of their inquiry. In closing his address, he declared he saw the strongest grounds for the belief that natural selection, or survival of the fittest, was a universally acting and beneficent force.

The chief feature of the second day's proceedings was the delivery of the presidential addresses in the different sections, the places of meeting being in the various public halls and institutions of the city. In the Mathematical and Physical Science Section, Captain W. de W. Abney, C.B., dealt with the subject of photography, remarking that the discovery of the action of light on silver salts was one of the marvels of the century. In the Section devoted to Chemical Science, Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, Bart., who was Mayor of Newcastle at the time of the meeting in 1863, demonstrated



SIR ISAAC LOWTHIAN BELL, BART.

dealt with the questions relating to the elementary endowments of living matter. Special interest centred in the proceedings of the Geographical Section, because of the president, Sir Francis de Winton, having shown an active concern in the exploits of Mr. H. M. Stanley. Sir Francis dwelt upon the importance of applied geography, giving as instances the explorations by Captain Wiggins in the Siberian Seas, Dr. Nansen in Greenland, Count Teleki and Mr. Arnut in Equatorial Africa, and Mr. Stanley's expedition to Wadelai. In the Section devoted to Economic Science and Statistics, Professor F. Y. Edgeworth spoke of mathematical reasoning applicable to political economy, contending that such mental discipline was beneficial to the student. Mr. William Anderson, in the Mechanical Science Section, supported Mendeleeff's belief that the supply of petroleum came from inexhaustible stores, having their origin in the chemical action of remote ages. In the Anthropological Section, Sir William Turner discussed the questions of kinship and heredity, speaking of the Darwinian theory as heredity modified and influenced by variability.

The deliberations of the succeeding days embraced

almost everything under the sun. Special interest, however, centred in the addresses delivered by Dr. Nansen on his Greenland travels; by Mr. Lumholtz on Queensland and the cannibalism of the aborigines; by Mr. Joseph Thomson on his travels in Africa; by the Hon. G. Curzon, M.P., on English and Russian rivalry in



PROFESSOR J. S. BURDON SANDERSON.

Asia; and by Mr. H. N. Sullivan on the resources of Siberia and the practicability of a northern sea route. Many other important topics were broached, such as the origin of the Aryans, Northumberland in prehistoric times, and industrial and social progress. Mention must also be made of the address delivered to working men by Mr. Benjamin Baker, C.E., on "The Forth Bridge," and of the interesting evening lectures given by Professor W. Chandler Roberts-Austen and Mr. Walter Gardiner, M.A. Altogether the proceedings of the week were most instructive, and the visitors appeared to appreciate the hospitality which was showered upon them.

Willimoteswick Castle.

THE ruins of the old border stronghold of Willimoteswick stand on a slight eminence, a short distance from the village of Bardon Mill, Northumberland. The site is now occupied by a farm-house and buildings, but one of the towers has been spared. With the adjacent modern erections it presents

a pleasing feature in the surrounding landscape, especially from the railway or opposite heights. The tower is similar in construction to many others on the Borders, having no distinctive features. It forms the entrance to



Willimoteswick Castle.

the farmyard, and, though considerably dilapidated inside, its outer walls are still intact, these being in many places upwards of seven feet thick. The fireplace measures 10 feet 8 inches in width.

Willimoteswick Castle was the chief seat of the ancient family of Ridley, and the reputed birthplace of the Venerable Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, who suffered martyrdom with his friend Latimer, being burnt at the stake before Baliol College, Oxford, on the 16th October 1555. One of the Ridelys of Willimoteswick was, according to the famous ballad of Surtees, concerned in the murder of Sir Albany Featherstonehaugh. In 1585, on the decease of Nicholas Ridley, who was at the time sheriff of the county, two men and a woman were committed to prison by Sir John Forster on suspicion of having caused his death by witchcraft. Musgrave Ridley having espoused the Royalist cause, his estates were sold in 1652, and passed into the hands of the ancient family of Lowes, who derived their name from the Forest of Lowes, of which they were lords. Willimoteswick is now the property of Sir Edward Blackett.

The curious name of the place is said, according to one writer, "to signify the mote or keep and villa of William." According to another, it is derived from the guillemot, a species of marine bird, known in Northumberland as the willowmont or sea-hen, and wick, a village or hamlet.

These particulars are gathered from Mr. W. W. Tomlinson's "Comprehensive Guide to the County of Northumberland," while the drawing is from a photograph by Mr. J. P. Gibson, of Hexham.

The Sockburn Worm.



HE extremity of the long projecting green peninsula formed by the Tees below Croft, where the river makes a beautiful curve of some seven or eight miles between Newsham and Middleton-one-Row, is occupied by the little township or manor of Sockburn. It is the most southern point of the county of Durham. The neighbouring district seems to have been very early settled and cultivated. No fairer spot could attract the notice of a stranger in search of a home. As "Drunken Barnaby" says, here are

Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,
Streaming rivers, never ceasing,
Deck'd with tufted woods and shady.

In the troublous times of border and civil war, Sockburn, guarded on three sides of the circling sweep of the Tees, did not need even a moat or fosse, tower or fort. It lay quite out of the track of marching and marauding troopers—a quiet secluded place like Finchale or Dryburgh, especially consecrated by Dame Nature to perennial peace.

Like many other such lovely nooks, it came soon after its first settlement into the hands of the Church. Some authorities tell us that Snaculf, the son of Cycell (apparently a Saxon with a British patronymic), bestowed it, at the Norman Conquest, on the prior and monks of Durham, whose habit it was, says Lambarde, to beg hard, "not for cantles of cheese, as other poor men do, but for large corners of good countries, as all their profession used." The truth is, however, that this grant was not of our Sockburn in particular, though it may have included it, but of Socbyryg, Sockbury, or Sadberge, four miles north-east of Darlington, from which the Bishops of Durham derived their former title of earl. Sockburn, as well as Dinsdale, Hurworth, Haughton, Burdon, and other places, formed part of the Earldom of Sadberge, held by tenants in fee socage of the see of Durham. We may explain to such of our readers as are not learned in the law, that this sort of tenure was distinguished of old from tenure by chivalry or knight's service. In the distribution of lands under the feudal system, the barons usually kept the more productive or best cultivated lands to themselves, and conceded to their dependents the more wild and sterile, to clear them, break them up, and then plough, sow, and reap, on condition of giving the lord a certain proportion, say one-half, of the crop; at other times of performing certain specified services, and occasionally for some purely nominal service, in most cases converted in course of time into a fixed yearly quit rent. Sockburn was the *soc-borne* or boundary of the soc, while Soc-byrig or Sockburg was its chief town, where the courts were held. As to the meaning of the

word *soc*, etymologists and jurists are not agreed. Some would have it to be the Norman-French *soc*, or plough-share; others the Anglo-Saxon *soc*, free; but when such great legal authorities as Craig and Blackstone differ, it is, of course, not for ordinary mortals to decide.

The socage arrangement in this case was of a very peculiar kind. The house and lands of Sockburn were of "awncient tyme," the inheritance of the Congrues, Cogniers, or Conyers family, having been granted, it is said, to their Norman ancestor on account of some valiant action performed by him, emblematically described in the following legend, preserved in an old manuscript quoted by Bowes, Surtees, and others:—"Sir John Conyers, Knight, slew that monstrous and poisonous vermin or wyvern, and ask or worm, which overthrew and drowned many people in fight, for that the scent of the poison was so strong that no person could abide it. But before he made this enterprise, having but one son, he went to the church of Sockburn in complete armour, and offered up there his only son to the Holy Ghost. The place where this serpent lay was Grayestane."

It is added in the same manuscript, we are told, that "Sir John lieth buried in Sockburn Church in complete armour before the Conquest." Whether or not this is an anachronism we are not prepared to say. At any rate, many enterprising Normans came over and got lands in England before the Conqueror's time, especially in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and Sir John Conyers may have been one of those for aught we are ever likely to know.

Whether the Dragon of Wantley (Wharnccliffe, near Rotherham) was a fair type of this more Northern, as well as more ancient, but no doubt kindred worm, tradition does not tell us. The famous monster which More of Morehall slew—

— Had two perion wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail, as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four-and-twenty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

"Certainly," says Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties," "in some cases our worms or dragons possess four legs, and the scaly horror of a folded tail; but Mr. Surtees, the historian of the Palatinate, vindicates his countrymen from all charge of inaccuracy in calling such creatures *worms*, by reminding us that 'Dante calls that venerable quadruped, Cerberus, the great infernal worm.'"

The Sockburn worm, judging from the place where he lay—the Grey Stone—was probably, like his congener whom Regner Lodbrog slew on the shores of Gothland, a "miner of the ground," dwelling in a hole in the face of the river cliff, and coming out to sun himself on fine days on a lichen-clad rock. But there does not seem to have been any lady in the case, as there was in Lodbrog's even

more widely famous exploit, where, to deliver a beautiful young princess who had been held in captivity by a serpent of enormous size, the hero wrapped himself in nether integuments like those of Bryan O'Lynn, whence he was ever afterwards called "Hairy Breeches."

We may further judge of the worm's nature from that of the "foul dragon in Northumberland" which Sir Guy of Warwick destroyed. That horrid reptile "had slain men and beasts down, by twenty mile round about."

He was black as any coal,
Rugged as a rough foal;
His body from the navel upward,
No man might pierce it, it was so hard;
His neck was great as any summer;*
He ran as swift as any destrier;†
Paws he had as a lion;
All that he touched he slew dead down;
Great wings he had to flight.

For a fouler beast than he
I wis of none never heard ye.

Of the dragon that Saint George slew we are told that his breath infected people's blood, so that "every day in heaps they died."

Among them such a plague it bred,
The living scarce could bury the dead.

More than that—

Each day he would a maiden eat,
For to allay his hunger great.

In the curious old Romance of Merlin, the two dragons that lay in a deep well, under the castle which King Vortigen was building, and that threw down the walls every night, when there was continually a hard battle between them, causing the earth to quake, were also "very foul to behold."

The one was white as milk cream,
The other red as any gleam;
Grisly they were of sight both.

As for the strong-winged dragon that Sir Eglamore killed, he was "of such renown" that—

There durst no man come near the town,
By fifteen mile of way;

And when the knight went forth to encounter him—

Tokens soon of him he found—
Slain men on every hand;
By hundreds he them told.

We may be told that those worm or dragon stories, so prevalent in our Northern Counties, and indeed all over the world, are but old wives' fables.

It is certain, however, that the manor of Sockburn was for generations held by the presentation of a falchion to the Bishop of Durham on his first entrance into his diocese. This service is said to date from the time of Bishop Pudsey, who purchased from Richard Cœur de Lion, for himself and his successors, the title of Earl of Sadberge. And from the time of Pudsey to that of Van Mildert, the last of the Counts Palatine, each bishop, as he entered his diocese, was met at Croft Bridge, or in the

middle of the river Tees at the ford leading across to Over Dinsdale, or wherever else he might cross, by the lord of the manor of Sockburn, who, after hailing him Count Palatine and Earl of Sadberge, presented him with the falchion, and said these words:—"My lord bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to be held by this tenure, that upon the first entrance of every bishop into the county this falchion should be presented." The bishop then took the falchion into his hand, and, immediately returning it, wished the lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor.

There is mention made of this tenure at the inquest held on the death of Sir John Conyers (not the worm-slayer, of course) in A.D. 1396. The falchion also appears in painted glass in a window at Sockburn Hall, and, together with the worm, is sculptured in marble on the tomb of the ancestor of the Conyers family. In April, 1826, the steward of Sir Edward Blackett, then lord of Sockburn manor, presented the falchion to Dr. Van Mildert, the last Prince Bishop of Durham, on Croft Bridge. Since that prelate's demise, the palatine rights and privileges have been vested in the Crown. The late bishop to whom the ancient service was tendered was Bishop Villiers, on which occasion the train was brought to a standstill for the purpose on the railway bridge over the Tees at Croft.

Unfortunately for the correctness of some of the details of the legend, the falchion bears on one side of the hilt three lions of England gardant—arms which were not borne till the reign of King John, and could not well, therefore, have belonged to a hero before the Conquest; while the figure shown in the old church as that of the veritable Sir John Conyers who slew the worm is in chain armour, with his legs crossed, and therefore does not date earlier than the Crusades. The effigy is, in fact, said by Leland to be that of the Sir John Conyers who married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Lord Bromflete, in the reign of Henry VI.

Like many others of the same kind, this legend has exerted the ingenuity of antiquaries to discover its meaning. Pennant thinks it relates to some victory over the Scots, whose ravages sometimes extended thus far. Hutchinson imagines the dragon slain by Conyers may have been some Danish rover, who went sacking and plundering the country till he met with his death here. And Surtees observes, that it would be no difficult matter, perhaps, "with less of theory than is admitted into very grave works," to connect the falchion legend of Sockburn with the real exploits of the Constable Roger de Conyers at Bishopton, Comyn playing the part of Dragon.

We find a full account of this transaction (which

* Sumpter horse.

† Horse rode by a knight in a tournament.

has been already mentioned in Mr. Boyle's account of St. Giles's Church, Durham, page 448), in the third chapter of the continuation of Simeon of Durham's Church History. Condensed, it is as follows:—During the civil war between King Stephen and the Empress Matilda, William Comyn, the Chancellor of the King of Scots, was violently intruded into the see of Durham. He carried himself with a high hand. He expelled the archdeacon and such others of the clergy as opposed him. He compelled the townsmen to take oaths of fealty to him. He broke into the houses of those whom he had exiled, and plundered and destroyed them. He bestowed lands on whomsoever he would. And he received the homage of all the barons, with the sole exception of Roger de Conyers. When he found that he could not extort homage and the oaths from Roger, he despatched a considerable body of troops to Bischopton, where Conyers resided, with orders to seize the place. But Roger, having been apprehensive that something of the kind would be likely to occur, had taken care to fortify his house. Comyn's soldiers, therefore, thought it best to withdraw without trying its strength. Shortly afterwards, the duly-elected bishop of the diocese, having received an invitation from several of the barons, made his appearance at Bischopton, where he received the homage of such persons as offered it to him of their own free will. Then Roger de Conyers, and the barons who had gathered round him, supported by a body of troops, conducted the Bishop towards Durham, hoping that Comyn would repent of his evil deeds, or that they would be able to induce his adherents to abandon him. In these anticipations, however, they were miserably mistaken.

After a deal of fighting, and no small amount of sacrilege, the bishop was forced to retire once more to Bischopton.

The cruelties perpetrated by Comyn after this are almost too horrible to be told. Simeon's continuator says:—

His soldiers were incessantly making forages; they ranged through every spot in the whole district; whatever they could lay their hands on they plundered; their inroads ceased neither day nor night; all that came in their way was destroyed; the produce of the fields they ruined either by treading it down or by depasturing cattle upon it; and thus the land which had been cultivated became barren and devastated by being trodden underfoot. Just as effectually as locusts give proof of their presence by nipping off the leaves and flowers from a tree, so wherever these men passed it became a wilderness. . . . Even to hear of their doings was terrible; but to see them was something yet worse. Their insolence was not confined to ravages and plunderings only, but was extended to the most cruel bodily torments, inflicted not in secret, and in the darkness of the night, and upon only a few individuals, but perpetrated openly, and in the sight of day, and upon men of the nobler rank. . . . Men were hung from the walls of their own houses, cords being tightly twisted round their middle, and heavy armour or large stones tied to the neck and feet, so that the extremities of the body were bent towards the ground, which, however, they did not touch. Upon one occasion more than twelve persons were discovered together suspended in this manner. Others of them they plunged into the bed of the river in the depth of winter. After having broken the ice with which it was covered, and having tied ropes round them, they alternately dragged them out of it and thrust them back again, feeding their cruelty with such a spectacle of misery. The feet of some they thrust through holes made in the wall, and thus exposed their naked bodies to the extremity of the cold, leaving them in misery all the night long. . . . Everywhere throughout the town (of Durham) there were groans and various kinds of deaths. In consequence of such horrible proceedings, the place, which had hitherto been so highly honoured, now became a terror to all, and was surnamed the Place of the Tortures of Hell.



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WINDERMERE LAKE: SOUTHWARD VIEW.

This dreadful state of things lasted, we are told, for the best part of a year. At length Comyn began to convert the Church of St. John of Merrington into a castle, with a view to keeping the people of South Durham in effectual check. When this act of profanation became known to Roger de Conyers and two other barons of the bishopric, Geoffrey Ercolland and Bertram de Bulmer, they thought that it was much better to die for the sake of religion than to leave unpunished such insults as these which were thus offered to God. So, having levied all the forces they could assemble, they marched to the spot and put a stop to the unhallowed work. The bulk of the workmen and their defenders were either shot down, burnt to death, or taken prisoners, and awful judgments fell upon the rest, some of them suddenly becoming mad, and gnawing their own tongues till they died. Roger de Conyers then marched towards Durham and took possession of the town. But Comyn held out for some time in the Castle. At length the Archbishop of York happening to come into the neighbourhood, the usurper managed to make an arrangement with him, whereby he surrendered the Castle into the custody of Conyers, to be held in trust for St. Cuthbert, but got off scot free himself.

We may safely say that this William Comyn, if all that we have here told of him be true, was one of the worst worms that ever laid waste any part of the county of Durham; and that Roger de Conyers, in freeing the county from such an intolerable pest, as well deserved to have a falchion presented to him, in memory of the deed, as if it had been a real winged dragon he had slain. We know that he was rewarded with the constable's staff and the wardenship of Durham Castle; and if the green acres of Sockburn were added to the gift, as Surtees seems inclined to think they were, Roger de Conyers was still not overpaid.

There is no real evidence of the earlier possession of Sockburn by the Conyers family than these transactions,

which took place, as we have said, in King Stephen's time. The grey stone, however, whereon the winged dragon sunned himself is still pointed out in a field adjoining Sockburn Church, which was given by one of the Conyers family to Sherburn Hospital.

Windermere Lake.



WINDERMERE is the largest of the English Lakes. By many authorities it is called Winandermere; but in 791, when Ethred slew the sons of Elfwald on the east shore of the lake, it was written Wonwaldremere. It is often termed the "river-lake" from the circumstance that it hardly deviates from the straight line. Its length is about ten miles, and its greatest breadth about a mile. Many streams flow into it, the most important of which are the Brathay, the Stockgill, and the Bielham. Its waters abound with perch, pike, trout, and char. The latter are supposed to have been introduced by the Romans. They are of two kinds—the silver and the golden. A problem which naturalists have not yet satisfactorily solved arises from the fact that all the silver char, in November and December, go up the Brathay to spawn, whilst trout go up its twin stream, the Rothay. On the other hand, the golden char never leave the lake.

The central part of Windermere is studded with islands, which form a fine feature of the landscape. Prominent amongst them is Belle Isle, or Curwen's Island; but Lady Holm, on which at one time stood a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, Thompson's Holm, House Holm, Hen Holm, and Rough Holm are scarcely less interesting. Belle Isle is about thirty acres in extent. It contains a gentleman's residence, erected in 1776. This



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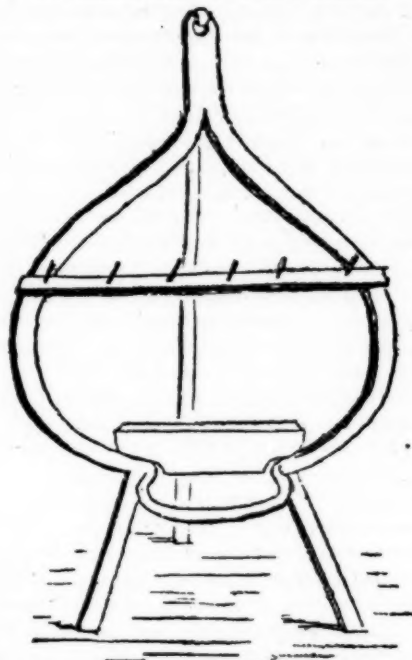
WINDERMERE LAKE: NORTHWARD VIEW.

structure forms a perfect circle, fifty-four feet in diameter, surmounted by a dome-shaped roof. This island was formerly the property and residence of the Philipsons, a Westmoreland family of distinction in the troublous times of Charles I. During the civil war between the King and the Parliament, there were two brothers, both of whom espoused the Royal cause. The elder, to whom the island belonged, was a colonel, and the younger brother a major, in Charles's army. The latter, from his daring and prowess, was known as Robin the Devil. After the King's death, Colonel Briggs, of Cromwell's army, then resident at Kendal, hearing that the major was hiding at Belle Isle, proceeded thither with numerous followers for the purpose of arresting him. The major, however, withstood a siege of eight months until relieved by his brother the colonel. The major afterwards formed a project for revenging himself upon Colonel Briggs. One Sunday morning, he started for Kendal with a body of horse. Arriving at that town, he was told that his opponent was in the church at prayers. He proceeded to the door of that edifice, where he posted his men; then he rode up the aisle of the church in search of Colonel Briggs. That officer, however, was not present. The congregation, after recovering from their surprise, attempted to seize the bold intruder; but he dashed away. As he was making his exit from the church, his helmet came in contact with the arch of the doorway, and was knocked off; the saddle girths of his horse gave way, and he fell to the ground stunned. With the help of his followers, however, he escaped, after a desperate struggle, and returned to Belle Isle. The helmet now hangs in Kendal Church.

Windermere has a beauty all its own. Without possessing the grandeur or sternness of Wastwater, Ennerdale, or Ulleswater, or the sublimity and variety of Derwentwater, it strongly appeals to the lover of nature. The scenery around the head of the lake is imposing and diversified. The extended view northward, which will be found on page 521, is taken from a height above the east shore about half-way down the lake. This is the landscape which called forth the following panegyric from Professor Wilson:—"There is nothing to compare with it in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains, not only in Westmoreland, but in all the world." Windermere is the subject of some of Wordsworth's verse. Many of the poet's younger days were spent near the lake, and he recalls these happy times in beautiful lines.

Notes and Commentaries.

A NORTHUMBRIAN BAKE-STICK.



Bake-sticks, whereon, in Northumberland, the morning cakes of peas and barley-meal were toasted in front of the fire, have now become a rarity, much sought after by the antiquary. The bake-stick represented in the accompanying sketch belonged to a family of the name of Heron. This specimen is more artistic in design than many of the old articles, which have now been superseded by toasting forks. JAMES THOMSON, Shawdon.

A CLOWN AND HIS GEESE ON THE TYNE.

On Monday, 14th January, 1845, a very curious scene was witnessed by many thousands of spectators on the river Tyne. A man named Wood, who had been acting as clown in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, had himself drawn down the river in a tub by four geese, from the King's Meadows to Tyne Bridge. Of course, the announcement of the freak had the effect of attracting vast numbers of people to witness it, and the banks, the quays, and the bridge itself were densely crowded. It was rather a novel way of announcing his benefit, and it seems that it was successful, for Mr. Wood had a bumper house at night. Although the geese were harnessed to the tub, and the clown appeared to drive them with a small switch he held in his hand, the tub was really drawn by a small steamboat, the rope being hidden.

under water. It may be remembered that a terrible disaster took place in the following year at Yarmouth through a similar occurrence. A popular circus clown named Seal went through the same performance on the Yare, when the Suspension Bridge, being the principal "coign of vantage," was densely packed with people. The bridge was unequal to the weight and pressure of the enormous crowds. It consequently gave way, precipitating most of the sightseers into the water. Great numbers were drowned. The awful calamity had the effect of putting a stop to this extraordinary mode of advertising.

WALLOON, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE SPIRIT LEVEL.

A master mason in a small way in a Northumbrian town had a great craving for drink, and after a "bout" was so ill-natured to those over whom he had authority as to be almost unbearable. On one of these occasions, working along with a newly-engaged apprentice, he told the boy to fetch the spirit level. The lad knew nothing about the article in question, and was afraid to ask any questions, but the word "spirit" decided his course. He went to the inn the mason patronised, and brought a bottle of whisky, which he handed to his master and awaited the result. The mason sat down on the stone he was dressing, and taking a long, steady pull at the bottle, he said, "Weel, laddie, that wasna exactly what aa wanted, but aa'll myek't de!"

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

A Board School teacher was endeavouring to explain a question of arithmetic to a very dull scholar. "Suppose you had elevenpence in your pocket on Monday morning, and were to pay me fourpence for your school fees, how would you ascertain what amount you had remaining?" "Wey," drawled out the hopeful, "aa wad coont it, sor!"

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

"How many of your parents, children, say grace?" asked a Sunday school teacher. "What's grace, sor?" asked one of the big boys. "Why, Jemmie," exclaimed the teacher, "is it possible you don't know what grace is? Doesn't your father say something before you begin to eat?" "Oh!" said Jemmie, "yes, sor, he dis; he elwis says, 'Dinnet myek pigs o' yorsels; that's all the butter thor is i' the hoose'!"

A DIRTY FACE.

A boy entered the bar of a local public-house the other day for the purpose of vending evening papers. One of the customers noticed that the lad's face was dirty, and remarked, "Why divvent ye wesh yor fyce?" "Ne 'casion, sor," said the lad, "it's gan te rain!"

MISTRESS AND MAID.

"Jane, if you want to be a really good servant, don't have to be told twice to do the same thing." "Wey, that's not ma fault, ma'am," says Jane; "it's ye that's elwis telling us twice te de the syem thing, when ye knaa aa cannot de twe things at a time!"

SUPERSTITION.

Some time ago a woman, carrying a baby, went into a public-house in Newcastle, and ordered half a glass of spirits. At the same time she requested the barman to bring some salt for luck, as that was the second house that the child had entered. The man returned with the articles and handed them to her with the remark:—"Aa's surprised ye're se surporstitious, living, as ye de, in the nineteenth century." "Yor wrang thor, onny-way," the woman observed: "aa live in Gray's Entry!"

THE TROMBONE AND THE BULL.

After a brass band contest at a northern village, the "trombone" was going home late. He was proud of the day's success, and had stayed behind till not the length of the road, but the breadth of it, became the serious question. As he entered a field, the fading light glittered on his brass instrument, and roused the anger of a bull. A loud bellow followed, and at once awakened the muddy brain of the self-complacent Geordy. "Get away, man," he shouted. "Whe telt ye at ye wor a player? Aa'll blaa ye laa E for a quairt." Suiting the action to the word, he slid out the trombone to its fullest length, and blew as if it had been his last. The bull, now maddened, gave a yet louder bellow, and charged at the object of its rage. Geordy tumbled head over heels, but at once recovered himself. Reaching forward to gather up the severed portions of his trombone, he triumphantly remarked:—"Ye may be a varry strang man, but y'or ne musicianor!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Thomas Simm, a cattle salesman well known throughout the North of England, died on the 10th of September.

On the same day, died Mr. Richard Potts, a typical English farmer of the old school. He was engaged in that capacity for about 45 years at Harton, after which he became tenant of the Flatts Farm, near Chester-le-Street, which he held for about thirteen years. The deceased gentleman was in his 78th year.

Intelligence was received at Morpeth, on the 11th of September, of the death of Assistant-Paymaster Brumell, in charge of H.M. ship *Urgent*, in Jamaica. The deceased, who was only in his 28th year, was the third son of Mr. Francis Brumell, solicitor, and Town Clerk of Morpeth.

Margaret Morton, widow of John Morton, an old Chartist, died at 34, Spring Street, Newcastle, on the 18th of September, in the 69th year of her age. The late

Mr. Morton, formerly a master tailor at Hanley, was a friend of Mr. Thomas Cooper, and also spent his declining days in Newcastle.

On the 19th of September, the Rev. Frederick L. Catchside, son of the late Mr. M. Catchside, formerly of Riding Farm, Hexham, was accidentally drowned by the capsizing of a boat in the Inner Harbour at Stornoway, in Scotland.

Mr. Jonathan Goodbody, tobacco manufacturer, of Clara, King's County, Ireland, who was 77 years of age, and had been attending the meetings of the British Association at Newcastle, died suddenly at Darlington, on the 20th of September.

On the same day, Dr. John Wilson, J.P., the first surgeon of the Jarrow Division of the 1st Newcastle and Durham Engineer Volunteers, died at Bankhill, near Lockerbie.

On the 20th of September, also, Mrs. Allhusen, wife of Mr. Christian Allhusen, the well-known chemical manufacturer, and a daughter of Mr. John Shield, son of the author of "My Lord 'Size" (See *Monthly Chronicle*, 1887, p. 38), died at Stoke Court, Buckinghamshire, her age being 76 years.

Mr. Boysman Harland Frampton, jeweller and jet manufacturer, of 66, Grainger Street, Newcastle, died at Hudshaw House, near Hexham, on the 23rd of September, at the age of 46.

On the 24th of September, Mr. Joseph Robinson, J.P., shipowner, of Etal Villa, North Shields, died at Southport, in the 74th year of his age. He had recently made arrangements for the erection of a new Wesleyan Church in North Shields, at an estimated cost of £7,500, at his own personal cost.

On the 23rd of September, the Rev. Ephraim Cohen, for several years second reader at the Jewish Synagogue in Newcastle, died at his residence, Canonbury, London.

On the 25th of September, the death was announced, at the age of 75, of Annie, widow of Mr. John Vaughan, the founder of the Cleveland iron trade.

Miss Mary Thirlwell, of Haydon Bridge, a soprano singer of a high order of merit, died on the 25th of September.

Mr. Robert Lamb Armstrong, of the firm of T. and R. L. Armstrong, land agents, and a prominent Freemason, died at his residence, 21, Leazes Terrace, Newcastle, on the 27th of September, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 28th of September, the Rev. Father G. Joseph Porter, a priest of the Dominican order, and formerly of St. Andrew's Catholic Church, Newcastle died at Leicester.

On the 1st of October, the death was announced of the Rev. Julius Shadwell, M.A., of Coln St. Aldwyn, Fairford, Gloucestershire, and for many years Rector of Washington, in the diocese of Durham.

Mr. Robert Forth, who for many years carried on the business of chemist and druggist in Clive Street, North Shields, but retired from active work some years ago, died on the 1st of October. The deceased, who had reached the ripe age of 72, was for a considerable time a member of the Tynemouth Town Council.

Mrs. Robb, wife of Mr. William Robb, and daughter of the late Mr. John Ridley, one of the oldest and most respected families of Hexham, died in that town on the 2nd of October, her age being 74 years.

On the 3rd of October, Mr. Michael Watson, a musical composer of considerable reputation, and the son of a pro-

fessor of music at Newcastle, died at East Dulwich, in the fiftieth year of his age.

On the 6th of October, feeling pulpit reference was made by the Rev. A. Latimer to the death of Mr. James Barras, miner, of North Seaton, and a prominent member of the Primitive Methodist body, having been for many years on the plan of local preachers in the Blyth Circuit.

The death was announced, on the 8th of October, of Mrs. W. S. Glass, *nee* Magdalene Smith Elliott, an earnest and devoted church-worker at Sunderland.

Captain George Innes, an old Sunderland standard, died at his residence in that town on the 8th of October, in the 74th year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

9.—On this and the following evening, a public debate took place in the Central Hall, Newcastle, between Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, M.P., and the Rev. Marsden Gibson, M.A., of St. Thomas's Church in that city, on the question, "Has Humanity Gained from Unbelief?" Mr. Bradlaugh supported the affirmative, and Mr. Gibson the negative side of the controversy. Mr. Joseph Baxter Ellis presided on the former, and Mr. E. Girling on the latter occasion. There were large audiences at both meetings.

—The members of the Stockton and Middlesbrough Water Board and a large number of gentlemen journeyed by special train to Barnard Castle, whence they were driven in conveyances to the site of the Blackton Reservoir, at which place the Mayor of Stockton (Mr. Alderman Nelson) performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod.

—In connection with the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the British Pharmaceutical Society, a conversazione was held in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle, at which the president of the Conference, Mr. C. Umney, F.I.C., F.O.S., of London, received the officers and members of the society. The proceedings of the Conference commenced in the same place on the following morning, and extended over a couple of days.

—It was announced that a small steamer, the Holbrook, had been chartered to carry a cargo of coals from Cardiff to Newcastle, for one of the Italian war ships being built at Elswick.

10.—A young man named William Henry Porter, of Warrington Road, Newcastle, was drowned by the upsetting of a skiff in which he was sailing on Derwentwater Lake.

—A man named Joseph Bell, residing in Newcastle, was drowned while bathing in the river Tyne opposite the Bill Quay boat landing.

11.—The first sod of the Gosforth portion of the Ouseburn-Gosforth sewerage scheme was cut by Mr. S. H. Farrer, chairman of the Gosforth Local Board, at Dene Houses, near Haddrick's Mill.

—In the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage, the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science was opened in St. George's Drill Hall, Newcastle, the president of the year being Professor

Flower, director of the Natural History Department of the British Museum. (See page 515.)

—Concurrently with the commencement of the proceedings of the British Association, the autumn flower show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle Horticultural Society was opened in the Leazes Park. The exhibition remained on view three days; but the weather, unfortunately, was unfavourable most of the time, and the receipts suffered to a corresponding extent. The total sum obtained was estimated at about £500.

14.—At a meeting of the Council of the Durham Miners' Association, it was decided to apply for a further advance of 15 per cent. in wages.

—The Marquis of Londonderry visited Seaham Harbour for the first time since his retirement from the office of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and received a most enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants, an address being



THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

presented to him by the Seaham Local Board. On the evening of the 20th, he was entertained to a banquet in the Exchange Hall, Stockton, by the South-East Durham Conservative Association and the South-East Durham Liberal Unionist Association. The chair was occupied by Mr. Thomas Wrightson.

15.—The annual Sunday demonstration and church parade of the Hebburn united friendly and trade societies was held, collections being made in aid of the Newcastle Infirmary funds.

—In the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, Principal of the Technical College, Finsbury, lectured under the auspices of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, on "The Colours of Polarised Light." Mr. A. G. Vernon Harcourt, secretary of the British Association, presided.

16.—A man named Dorie made a balloon ascent from the Belle Vue grounds at Stockton, descending by parachute in a garden at Seaton Carew. The height he attained was $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

17.—Miss Alma Beaumont, who had been announced to make a balloon ascent from the Ashbrooke Cricket Ground, Sunderland, being too unwell to undertake the feat, one of her assistants, a young man named Stanley, ascended to an estimated height of 10,000 feet, when he jumped off and descended steadily by means of the parachute, alighting near Fulwell House. (See page 479.)

18.—The members of the English Arboricultural Society held their fifth annual excursion at Alnwick Castle.

—There was a large and fashionable audience, including many scientific visitors to the British Association, at the Town Hall, Newcastle, to hear Mr. Hamish M'Cann's cantata, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

—The first general meeting of the South Durham and North Yorkshire Veterinary Medical Association was held at Darlington.

19.—Eliza Walker, aged 56 years, the wife of William Walker, a man employed as horsekeeper at Peggy Pit, near Philadelphia, in the county of Durham, was found dead under mysterious circumstances in her house there. The man, going out shortly afterwards, threw himself beneath a set of coal waggons on the railway, and was immediately killed. The coroner's jury found that the woman had died from suffocation, and that the man had committed suicide.

21.—At Deaf Hill Pit, Trimdon Colliery, a large boiler exploded with great violence, shifting the other boilers from their position, breaking the side of the boiler house, and killing a man named James Prior.

—The old sports and pastimes known as the "hoppings" were revived in the village of Preston, near North Shields.

23.—Mr. Barker and Mr. Fenwick, the former of whom had held the position since the 3rd of February, 1827, formally tendered their resignation as clerks of the Tyne-mouth Petty Sessional Division of Northumberland.

24.—It was announced that during the enlargement of the old schoolhouse at Whickham, the workmen came upon what appeared to be the remains of a still older building, and a splendid specimen of a Roman quern.

—The discovery was reported, by Mr. F. R. Wilson, in the Church of St. Michael and St. Mary, at Alnwick, of a statue of Henry VI. (See page 479.)

—Mr. Owen Seaman, M.A., late scholar of Clare College, Cambridge, commenced in connection with the Cambridge and Durham University Extension Scheme, a course of lectures, in the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, on "The Poetry and Teaching of Robert Browning."

—The annual conference of the North of England Temperance League was held in the Friends' Meeting House, Skinnergate, Darlington, under the presidency of Mr. Arthur Pease.

—Henry Ernest Searle, the champion sculler of the world, accompanied by Mr. Christopher Crane and Mr. John H. Clasper, of Putney, arrived on a short visit to Newcastle, the party meeting with a very enthusiastic reception.

25.—A new Presbyterian Church was opened at Black Callerton.

—The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry visited Hartlepool, and formally opened the Headland Protection Works and Promenade, constructed at a cost of £25,000. The protection scheme was the outcome of long deliberation as to the best method of protecting the headland from the ravages of the sea, which, in the course

of centuries, has cut out the cliffs into many fantastic shapes, such as the Elephant Rock, shown in the small



Elephant Rock, Hartlepool.

engraving annexed. The Henry Smith School and a new wing of the Hospital were inaugurated on the same occasion.

26.—The Newcastle Scottish Association, established for the promotion of the social, mental, and physical well-being of its members, was inaugurated by a dinner, under the presidency of Dr. Farquharson.

—The Eagle, believed to be the largest vessel ever built on the Tyne, was launched from the yard of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Limited, Hebburn, for a Russian company.

—The annual meeting of the ministers and delegates of the Durham and Northumberland Congregational Association was held at Morpeth, under the presidency of the Rev. D. Young, B.A.

27.—A Home for Cripples, transferred from inferior quarters at Whickham, was opened by the Mayor of Newcastle, at Wallsend.

28.—A further advance of 3 per cent. in wages was conceded to the miners of Northumberland.

—The first competition for a presentation silver cup took place in connection with the Tynemouth Volunteer Life Brigade, at Tynemouth.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Seaton Delaval Co-operative Society was celebrated by a tea and public meeting, among the speakers on the occasion being Mr. G. J. Holyoake.

—Sir George Trevelyan, M.P., as President of the Hexham Division Liberal Association, addressed a public meeting in the Town Hall, Hexham.

—A verdict of manslaughter was returned by the coroner's jury at Sunderland, in connection with the death of David Stevens, joiner and cabinet maker, aged 67, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of a man named Michael Kirkwood, of Jarrow, the alleged inflicter of the fatal injuries.

—Mr. Willoby tendered his resignation of the office of magistrates' clerk in the Northam and Islands petty sessions, which he had held for a great number of years.

—At the County Hotel, Newcastle, Messrs. Walton and Lee, of London, auctioneers, submitted for sale several estates in Northumberland. The lots included the Benbridge estate, in the parishes of Mitford and Morpeth, the property of the Earl of Carlisle; the Softley

estate, Slaggyford, near Alston, the property of the Earl of Carlisle; and the Threepwood estate, near Haydon Bridge, which belonged to the late Mr. William Bewicke. Mr. C. J. Bates, of Langley Castle, Heddon, and Wylam, became the purchaser, for £16,200, of Threepwood Hall, Threepwood Farm, Low Hall Farm, &c. The lots actually disposed of at the sale realised £33,480, four lots which remained unsold being the subjects of subsequent private negotiations.

30.—At the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited, Elswick and Low Walker, a dividend was declared at the rate of 11 per cent.

—Twelve memorial stones were laid in connection with the new Wesleyan Chapel at Walker Gate, including a temperance stone by Mrs. W. D. Stephens.

—Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, the eminent phonographic reporter, of London, lectured on "Shorthand and Our Boys," under the auspices of the Newcastle and District Shorthand Writers' Association.

OCTOBER.

1.—A conference of Liberal Unionists was held in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle; and in the evening a great meeting, under the presidency of Lord Armstrong, was held in the People's Palace, Percy Street, the principal speaker being the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P. A counter demonstration took place simultaneously in the Haymarket, the chair being occupied by Mr. Thornton, president of the Newcastle and Gateshead Radical Association. On the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were entertained to breakfast in the County Hotel, Newcastle, Mr. G. A. Fenwick being in the chair. The guests afterwards left for Crag-side, on a visit to Lord and Lady Armstrong.

—A telegram, received to-day, and dated Vardoe, September 27, stated that the steamer Labrador, Captain Wiggins, had reached the mouth of the Yenesei, where she waited twelve days for the river steamer, but in vain. Captain Wiggins then thought it prudent to return.

2.—The new College of Medicine, erected in Bath Road, Newcastle, at a cost of £31,000, was publicly opened by the Mayor, Mr. T. Richardson. The president, Dr. Heath, presented a cheque for a thousand guineas towards the liquidation of the debt, which it was stated amounted to £10,000.

3.—It was announced that the Shah of Persia had presented his portrait and autograph to Lord Armstrong.

—An explosion suddenly took place on board a barge which was conveying ammunition to the newly built Italian cruiser Piemonte, at Jarrow Slake, near the mouth of the Tyne. One man, named John Dewdney, was blown away and killed, and other two persons sustained injuries. The crew, consisting of three men and a boy, were in the employment of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick.

4.—At Wooler, a new Mechanics' Institute, intended to supersede the old library, was opened by the Countess of Tankerville. Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, was present at a concert in the new building in the evening.

—The blastfurnacemen in the Northern iron trade received an advance of 1½ per cent. in their wages under the sliding scale.

—It was reported that a salmon, named "Jumbo," one of a number which had been shown in a tank during the

Exhibition at Tynemouth Aquarium, some years ago, and on whose dorsal fin, before being returned to the sea, a silver ring had been placed, had been caught at Ovingham.

—The presentation of prizes to the successful students of the evening classes in connection with the Durham College of Science took place in the lecture-theatre of the College at Barras Bridge, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by Mr. John Philipson, J.P. The nineteenth session of the College was opened on the 7th.

—The inaugural meeting of session 1889-90 of the Northumberland and Durham Medical Society was held in the library of the Durham University College of Medicine, Newcastle, the address being delivered by Professor Lawson Tait, of Birmingham.

—Mr. W. S. Burton was elected secretary of the Newcastle Chess Club.

—A letter was published from Robert Browning, the eminent poet, intimating his intention, on his return home from Italy, to forward a subscription towards the restoration of the tombstone of Charles Avison, the great musical composer, in St. Andrew's Churchyard, Newcastle, in accordance with a suggestion made in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* by Mr. John Robinson.

5.—This afternoon, on the invitation of Mr. Arthur Brogden, manager and originator of the Swiss Choir, by whom a series of popular concerts was being given in the Town Hall, Newcastle, a large number of children, representing members of the Dicky Bird Society estab-

W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., Recorder of Newcastle, the newly appointed County Court Judge; and equally appropriate and judicious was the vocal and instrumental programme afterwards contributed by Mr. Brogden and his talented staff of performers. The Mayor of Gateshead (Mr. Alderman John Lucas) proposed a vote of thanks, which was carried with deafening cheers. There were present in all 3,044 young persons, and the entire proceedings passed off in the most agreeable and satisfactory manner. Mr. Brogden, in addition to so generously providing the delightful entertainment, contributed £5 towards the funds of Uncle Toby's Christmas Toy Scheme.

—A branch of the Newcastle Amateur Choral Society was formed at Jarrow.

—Miss Alma Beaumont, the American parachutist, made an ascent from Jarrow, and after reaching a height of 1,200 feet, descended into the river Tyne near Howdon Dock, whence she was immediately rescued, little the worse for her immersion.

6.—The Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., entered upon his duty as pastor of St. James's Congregational Church, Bath Road, Newcastle.

—A boy named George Frederick Paul, ten years of age, was accidentally shot dead at Stockton.

7.—By a majority of 12 votes to 4, the Tynemouth Town Council resolved to apply for the necessary authority to light the borough with electricity.

—The picture "Christians ad Leones," which was shown at the Royal Academy last year, as the production of Mr. Herbert Schmalz, a native of Ryton-on-Tyne, and a grandson of J. W. Carmichael, was exhibited at the establishment of Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, Newcastle.

8.—The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, her Majesty's Secretary for War, and General Viscount Wolsley, accompanied by Mr. Nepean, director of naval contracts, and Mr. Fleetwood Wilson, private secretary, paid a visit of inspection to the works of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle.

—In continuation of a movement commenced some days previously at Hawick, in Scotland, a number of scholars came out on strike against certain alleged grievances, in the shape of home lessons and too long hours of study in schools, at Jarrow, West Hartlepool, Middlesbrough, and Berwick. The offenders at Berwick received a sound flogging.

—A railway guard, named William Holmes, was accidentally killed while shunting some empty waggons at Blaydon.

9.—Mr. W. Digby Seymour, Q.C., LL.D., entered upon his duties as County Court Judge in Newcastle, and received the congratulations and good wishes of the members of the Bar, and of the Mayor of Newcastle, on behalf of the public.

—It was stated that Barras Bridge Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, formerly under the pastorate of the Rev. George Bell and the Rev. J. B. Hastings, M.A., but which had been superseded by the new church at Jesmond, had been sold for £4,250.

—The twenty-first annual service of song by Wesleyan Methodist Choirs in Northumberland and Durham was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor.

10.—A portrait of Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., painted by subscription, in recognition of his services in connec-



lished in connection with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, assembled in that building, to enjoy a specially provided entertainment. An eloquent address, inculcating precepts of kindness to the lower animals, and illustrated by a number of interesting anecdotes, was delivered by Mr.

tion with the Tyne Improvement Commission, was formally unveiled at a meeting of that body this afternoon. The hon. gentleman was, on the same occasion, presented with a silver tea and coffee service.

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

11.—The Hon. William Henry Wentworth Fitzwilliam, M.P., died from injuries received by being thrown from his horse.

15.—A man named Walter Campbell swam through the Whirlpool Rapids, below Niagara Falls, clad in a cork jacket.

18.—A number of soldiers invested a house in Losowika, Servia, in which a number of brigands had taken shelter. The latter were commanded by a woman named Staka Lekica, who died fighting at the head of her band.

19.—Her Majesty's screw gun vessel Lily, belonging to the North American squadron, struck on a rock off Point Armur, Newfoundland, and sank. Seven of the crew were drowned.

—About 170 persons were killed at Quebec by a mass of rock, weighing several thousand tons, falling on a number of dwelling houses. Similar falls of rock occurred in 1841 and in 1852, with the like fatal results.

21.—Death of Mr. Henry Brougham Farnie, dramatic author.

22.—A general election took place in France. The final results were :—Republicans, 364 ; Anti-Republicans, 211.

23.—Mr. Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White" and numerous other novels, died, aged 65.



WILKIE COLLINS.

24.—Death of Eliza Cook, composer of the popular song "The Old Arm Chair," aged 71.



ELIZA COOK.

26.—The body of a man named George Gordon was discovered in a wardrobe in a furnishing establishment in Manchester. Suspicion rested on a man named Dukes, against whom a coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder.

27.—The result of the voting in the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire, to fill the seat rendered vacant by the acceptance by Mr. Henry Chaplin of the post of Minister of Agriculture, was as follows :—Chaplin (C), 4,386 ; Otter (L), 3,078 ; majority, 1,308.

—A young lion escaped from Wombwell's menagerie, at Birmingham fair.

OCTOBER.

2.—The passenger steamer Corona was blown to piece by the bursting of her boiler at New Orleans, U.S., and nearly all on board perished.

4.—A terrible railway collision occurred near Manchester, three persons being killed and many injured.

6.—Sir William Tindal Robertson, member of Parliament for Brighton, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He was born in 1825. The deceased gentleman became blind, owing to disease, in 1873.

7.—A fierce storm raged over parts of England and Ireland. Much damage was done, and many ships were wrecked.

—Death of The O'Donoghue, formerly member of Parliament for Tralee.

—The polling for the election of a member of Parliament to succeed the late Mr. Fitzwilliam in the representation of Peterborough took place to-day, with the following result :—Alpheus Cleophas Morton (Gladstonian Liberal), 1,893 ; Robert Purvis (Liberal Unionist), 1,642 majority, 251.

9.—A Parliamentary election for Elgin and Nairn, owing to the death of Mr. C. H. Anderson, M.P., resulted as follows :—J. Seymour Keay (Gladstonian Liberal), 2,573 ; C. B. Logan (Liberal Unionist), 2,044 ; majority, 529.